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PALACE BUTTE.

Montana abounds in strange and beautiful scenery. Only a few of its most striking landscapes, its beautiful waterfalls, its clear green lakes, its craggy mountains and its charming valleys have been made known to the world by the pencil of the artist or the pen of the writer. There are thousands of others, almost equally attractive, which are little known. The tourist need follow no beaten track. He can strike into the mountains at any point sure of finding wonderful scenery in abundance. Our engraving on this page shows one of the singular mountain formations near the National Park which is rarely visited. Palace Butte is on the trail from Bozeman to Yellowstone Lake. It rises in a dome-shaped mass from a blank wall on whose sides can be distinguished narrow, silver lines running from the top down till lost behind the tree tops; these are waterfalls, fed by the snows above. The upper face of the cliff is curiously corrugated and worn so as to assume imposing architectural forms.

THE GRANDE COULEE COUNTRY.

Correspondence Ellensburg (Wash. Ter.) Localizer.

A coulee is a French or lyric name for a mountain dell, gorge, canyon, or old river channel. There are seven separate and distinct coulees lying between Williams Creek, Crab Creek, and around the Horseshoe Bend of the Columbia River, commencing at the lower end of Priest Rapids, and semi-circling upward and around to the Little Dalles, northeast of Fort Colville. Moses Coulee is twenty miles long, from a half to a mile in width, and opens out on the Columbia River at the lower end of Rock Island Rapids, fifteen miles below the Wenatchie River. This is a grand garden and fruit coulee—once occupied and farmed by Chief Moses and his old men and women, some of whom still have lands there under cultivation.

There are two smaller coulees, half a mile wide, and from three to ten miles long—one west from Moses Coulee, and the other north and verging from the northeast. These two are unoccupied, and are excellent fruit and garden lands—water and timber plenty. The Indian Camas Coulee lies west of the Grande Coulee and east of the Badger Mountain. It is about twenty miles long and full of streamlets, winding its way amid entrancing scenery. It is a kind of a Grecian poet's laboratory, being full of statuettes, minarets and parapets, with here and there good meadows and corn grounds. Foster Creek, which empties into the Columbia River nearly opposite the mouth of the Okanogan River, sources its spring-lake waters from Indian Camas Coulee. There are two spurs or "Y" coulees leading eastward from the Grande Coulee toward Wild Goose Creek, near Ritzville District. These are often mistaken for the Grande Coulee. They are

tortuous, cavernous and treacherous coulees—something like the Devil's Slide and Gate in Echo Canyon, along the Union Pacific Road. To get in is pleasing; to get out is perplexing. These coulees have many ice caves, smoking caverns and sulphurated soda springs and lakelets. They are hot gorges, winter and summer, full of volcanic matter, with

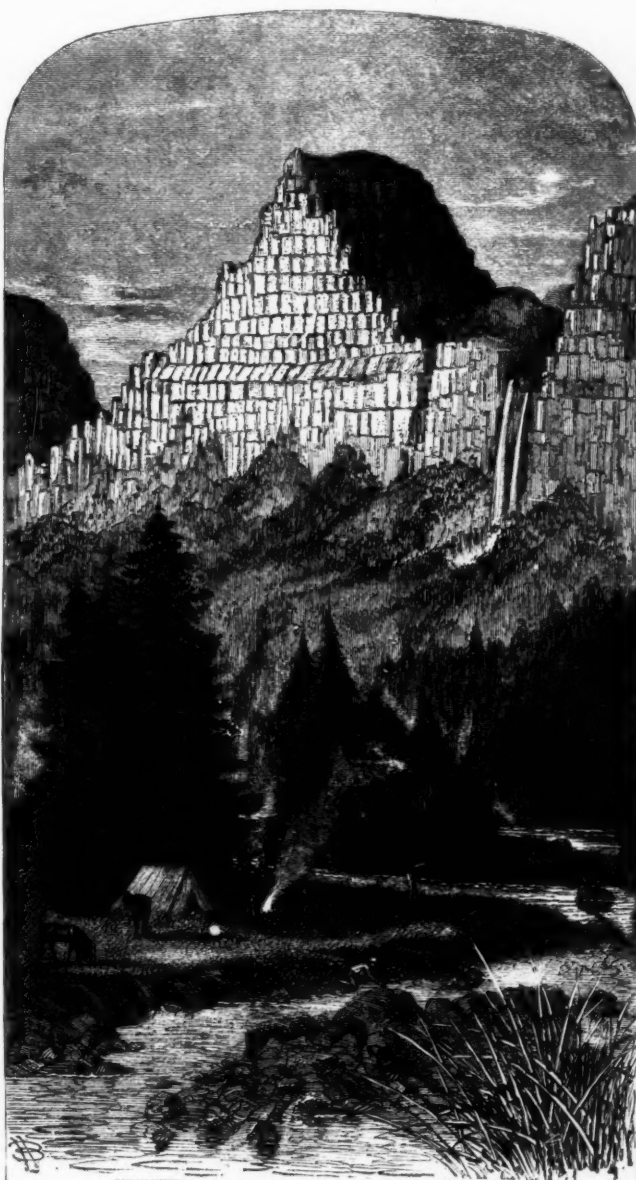
width from twenty to thirty miles of cavernous formation, until it ends at Rock Island Rapids, lower Columbia River. All these different coulees are rock-walled, block-mailed, water-drawled curiosities, volcanic eruptions, excavations from gaseous explosions, earthquakes, and prior ocean drifts, ages ago, in former tropical periods known.

The mouth or opening of the Grande Coulee is midway between the Nez Spielum Falls and San Poel River junction with the Columbia River. To behold it from the heights of the Nez Spielum Mountains, on the north side of the Columbia River, is to behold the grandest all-inspiring scenery on the entire upper Columbia River and Riprap Rapids. Nature excelled herself here in ponderous peaks, marvelous minarets, callous castles, and silicious Sphynx formations from plastic mouldings, air-attenuated and rain-stained.

Entering the Grand Coulee at its mouth, on the upper Columbia River, you ascend the mountain to a height of nearly two thousand feet, then go into a grassy lawn nearly a mile wide, between two high rock walls, passing around a fresh water lake of limpid hue, tule-fringed, with willow copse and alamo arbors neighboring near, along a distance of nine miles, and an arable width of from one to six miles. Crossing a rocky cliff divide, you descend southeastward into the sacred lands of the Grand Coulee, known as "Old Quetahlguin's Grounds." Quetahlguin (Kwee-tall-guin), which means "half-moon," was the father of the present Chief Moses, whose Indian name is Suc-tash-Kosem (corn and beans Joseph), and who, like his father, was christened by the Indian councils the Half-moon Chief, or the Moses of the Five Nations, descending in direct line from the Algonquins, whose primogeniture legends back to the old Egyptian Moses—every Moses being the exact prototype of his father, as is now Chief Moses' youngest son exactly faced, eyed, and formed as a miniature Moses; and this is here explained to show white people how Indians know who their sachems are, and how they come. A great chief's son, in order to be a great chief, must exactly resemble his father in tone, in talk, walk and physical form. That is the order of Egyptian heraldry, as Moses and all his people know it. And the confirmation is made by marriage through the Sioux tribes, who represent, in their woman, the full Assyrian knight-

hood and Saracenic order of unsullied veracity, virtue and vindictiveness. Something like Sarah—old Father Abraham's financial and affianced spouse and her progeny.

In these sacred lands, within the high rock-wall curvatures, are beautiful prairies, wild rye and sage lands, slate water springs, soda springs, sulphur springs, borax lakes and ice caves. The entire coulee is from four to six miles wide, thirty-nine miles long, and has extended rock walls of every design and tracing, from water-wearing, air-coloring and rain-



PALACE BUTTE, MONTANA.

dangerous earthquake or gaseous upheaval tendencies. The Indian trails to Big Lake, Cow Creek and Palouse Coulee lead through these haunted canyons, known only to Indian red men and Siwash white men, who are the *protégés* of their copper-colored, copper-blooded and copper-blazoned Indian ingenuities. The whole of the coulee country may be set down as seventy-nine miles long from north to south—commencing at the Nez Spielum Rapids on the Columbia River, one hundred and five miles above the mouth of the Wenatchie, and diverging in strips of

beating vesture and texture. The height of the walls vary from 200 to 1,000 feet altitudinarily and perpendicularly. There are no side escapes, except through the two eastern coulees above mentioned. The first lake of prominence is the Great White Lake, one mile wide, four miles long. Its waters are like hotel milk in appearance and taste, and contain about the same ingredients of chalk, magnesia and niter. It is the "Siloam," bathing in which, and drinking the waters thereof, will cure any cutaneous disease and prevent all malarial fevers.

Below this great white lake, and snugly ensconced in a rapturous ravine, is the Green Heart Lake, a composite of green sulphur, copper and bromide of potassium. This lake of emerald green waters is encased in a rock-wall basin in the exact shape of a heart, as school children make that symbol. It is surrounded with grassy lawns and towering rock domes, capulets and steamboat-shaped pyramids, minarets and castle towers. Here, on these hallowed grounds, the old Chief Moses and his father held all their councils with all the Salmon, Buffalo, and other southern tribes. It is a secluded spot and not on any traveled trail. The outlet of this lake meanders through a bamboo savannah of evergreen grasses, meads and waters, down a gradually sloping plain, until it enters into another green water lake, two miles distant, which contains soda, niter and iron sulphurets. All these waters will cure leprosy, kidney diseases and scrofula.

Below this lake, five miles, in a deep, dark dell, is the Great Black Lake, one mile wide, nine miles long, and surrounded by the highest, weirdest and most wonderfully wrought rock walls.

These waters are as black as jet, having white foam streaks spacing hither and thither, athwart their watery main. It is a marvelously majestic blending of black justice in bulk below, and white streaks of peace in tenderness on top. The waters are black sulphur, borax, ammonia and alkali. Good for catarrh, smallpox and rheumatic contortions arising from a diseased and torpid condition of the liver in him who has been a "fast liver." Below this great black lake is a wide plain or prairie, and nine miles below this prairie the high rock walls recede. Several small branching coulees lead off in different directions and open out on the great sandy plains, near another big lake, often called "Moses Lake," which has brown borax and soda waters, and which is twenty miles from White Bluffs, on the dreariest desert of all the Columbia plains. And thus endeth my present preferred description of the Grande Coulee country, which I know to be the most sublime rock-wall, lake-lined, water-wrought, mineral-marked valley in the New Northwest. Yosemite is a specter beside the Grande Coulee Goddess.

HOMES IN THE YAKIMA VALLEY.

From the Yakima City (Wash. Ter.) Farmer.

The fact that sorghum can be grown with profit in this county has been thoroughly established. The cane mill has become a permanent institution in several neighborhoods. Wherever it has been attempted the crop has proved a success. No one has gone extensively into the business, but a large number of farmers raise sufficient for their own use, and many of them much to spare. In the upper Natches Valley, Mr. Elijah Denton has just finished making nearly 1,000 gallons of fine molasses for himself and neighbors.

The soil of this country is peculiarly adapted to raising finely flavored vegetables of all kinds. Sugar cane is no exception to the rule. Hence it is that the sorghum of this section is quite free from all rank taste, and is preferred by many to the best syrups. In view of these facts it is easy to see that an immense and very profitable sugar industry might be built up in these valleys by the establishment of a refinery here, and the giving of proper attention to the business by our farmers. For many reasons these valleys will never be the home of large wheat fields. For the same reasons and others, they will become

the scene of a diversified and more profitable farming. Our hops already have an enviable reputation in the markets of the world. Our vegetables and fruits are proverbial for size and flavor all over the Northwest. Our sorghum is more becoming known and fast winning its way to favor. With a genial climate and generous soil that yields everything in abundance, situated within a few hours by rail from the cities of Puget Sound, it needs little stretch of fancy to conclude that the near future will see the Yakima Valley in this vicinity divided into small pieces, many of them five and ten acres, and each the home of a thrifty farmer or the country and winter residence of business men of the cities of rain on the sound.

That ours is the best climate north of California we have never heard disputed; that the valley in which Yakima is situated is the most desirable for residence purposes is just as widely admitted; and to believe that our people will not see it to their advantage to use every means to make the world acquainted with these facts, is to doubt their intelligence and enterprise. This valley can and should become the great center of population, commerce and wealth of Central Washington. Only one thing can prevent it. If land owners are willing to divide their holdings in lots to suit purchasers, and at reasonable prices, the change wrought here in the next very few years will be wonderful. In proportion as the contrary policy is pursued its stupidity will demonstrate itself.

TOO MUCH WHEAT.

The following poem, written by Helen Hunt Jackson, the "H. H." of magazine literature, for the *New York Independent*, was evidently suggested by reports of the starving Piegans and Blackfeet in Montana. Mrs. Jackson published about three years ago an eloquent little volume on the wrongs of the red men:

"Too much wheat!" So the dealers say.
Millions of bushels left unsold
Of last year's crop; and now, to-day,
Ripe and heavy and yellow as gold,
This summer's crop counts full and fair;
And murmurs, not thanks, are in the air,
And storehouse doors are locked, to wait,
And men are plotting, early and late,
What shall save the farmers from loss
If wheat too plenty makes wheat a dross?"

"Too much wheat!" Good God, what a word!
A blasphemy in our borders heard.

"Too much wheat!" And our hearts were stirred,
But yesterday, and our cheeks like flame,
For vengeance the Lord his loins doth gird,
When a nation reads such tale of shame.
Hundreds of men lie dying, dead,
Brothers of ours, though their skins are red;
Men we promised to teach and feed,
Oh, dastard nation! dastard deed!
They starve like beasts in pen and fold!
While we hoard wheat to sell for gold!

"Too much wheat!" Men's lives are dross;
How shall the farmers be saved from loss?"

"Too much wheat!" Do the figures lie?
What wondrous yields! Put the ledgers by!
"Too much wheat!"

Oh, summer rain,
And sun, and sky, and wind from west,
Fall not, nor shine, nor blow again!
Let fields be deserts, famine guest
Within our gates who hoard for gold
Millions of bushels of wheat unsold,
With men and women and children dead
And daily dying for lack of bread!
"Too much wheat!" Good God, what a word!
A blasphemy in our borders heard.

A GOOD WINTER WHEAT COUNTRY.

The fine crops grown this year along the north base of the Snowies proves conclusively that upon a large area of the Judith Valley good crops may be raised without irrigation. Sod land broke up in May and sown in oats and wheat as late as the 28th of that month, grew crops, the average yield of which was as heavy as those raised elsewhere, with irrigation. The soil appears to get sufficient moisture from the Snowy Mountains to grow crops with perfect certainty. It is believed that this section is best adapted to growing winter wheat and several farmers are making a trial of it, having this fall sown the grain. Now that a flouring mill is being built there we may look for more rapid development, and we believe the Judith is destined to be the great winter wheat-growing district of Montana.—*White Sulphur Springs (Mont.) Husbandman.*

A CONQUERED BACKWOODSMAN.

From the Arkansas Traveler.

A well-known engineer, while engaged in the survey of a railroad line through a wild and sparsely inhabited part of Arkansas, left the camp one day to make, as he termed it, a social call on the natives. He suddenly ran upon a small "clearing" near the center of which stood an unpretentious habitation of "daub" and log. A raw-boned man emerged from a patch of yellow-bladed corn and exclaimed:

"Hello, thar!"

"Good morning," said the engineer, advancing. "As I happen to be transacting perapatetic business through your community, I thought I'd call around and see you."

The squatter looked at the engineer critically for a moment, and then replied:

"I had 'lowed ter keep the peace as I was boun' over by the Simmon boys, but I reckon I'll have ter break over, fur I don't see no other chance."

"I don't understand you."

"I reckon not, but turn about is fair play, fur I don't understand you. Ef my boyes wuster hear you they'd be wild afore night, an' we'd hafter blow the ho'n when we wanted to see 'em. 'Peratetic'" and he began to roll up his sleeves.

"I meant no insult by the word, sir, and used it thoughtlessly."

"Yas, I reckon so; but it won't do ter let a fellow go on that way."

"What do you intend to do?"

"Fight you."

"What for?"

"Partially 'cause I don't like yer shape, partially 'cause you come aroun' here like a travelin' school house, an' partly 'cause I want ter keep my han' in. I ain't hed no jennewine exercise since I jined the church an' laid by co'n."

"Well, if you must fight," replied the engineer, "I am with you. Come on."

The two men "pranced" around each other for a few moments, and began pugilistic dodges and devices. The squatter possessed the old-time knock-down theory, from which the science of boxing evolved, but the engineer was a man with all the modern appliances. About the first thing the squatter realized after the engagement opened was a sudden jar, a giddiness about the head and a fall without having made any especial selection as to the place. He quickly regained his feet, but as quickly went down again.

"Hole on," he said. "Ain't thar some mistake here?"

"I don't know," replied the engineer. "Look around, and if you discover any error we'll endeavor to correct it."

The squatter approached again, but was again knocked down. "Say, blamed ef things ain't gettin' sort er tiresome ter me."

"You'd better rest awhile."

"Look here, ain't you one o' them fellers what they read about?"

"Well, not particularly."

"I b'lieve yer air. Come in the house," and they entered the cabin. "Wife, this is the boss. Set down, sah. Come here, Tildy, an' see the Cap'n. Whar's the boyse? Out, yer say? Wall, they're missin' a treat. Look un'er the house, Moll, an' see ef some o' the boyse ain't thar. Cap'n here's some red licker. Help yourself."

MONTANA has had a great prairie fire, the most stubborn and destructive known since the white man set foot in the Territory. It originated in the vicinity of a log camp in the Bears Paw Mountains, October 11, and it was thought at first would not amount to much; but it raged and spread, and threatened Fort Assiniboine. Troops were sent out to attack it while it was yet several miles from the fort, but they were driven back in dismay. Reinforcements were sent to fight the flames, and the soldiers finally succeeded in turning the course of the fire and saved the fort; but it burned everything up to within fifty yards of the buildings. The district burned over is thirty miles square—900 square miles.

BEYOND THE MISSOURI.

A Visit to the New Settlements in Western Dakota.

FIRST LETTER.

Special Correspondence of The Northwest.

NEW SALEM, DAKOTA, Nov. 13, 1884.

I left St. Paul at 4 o'clock in the afternoon of November 11, and at 2 next day was well into the new country of Western Dakota, landing at New Salem, twenty-eight miles from Mandan. The weather, which from the lateness of the season I had expected to find cold, was so mild that an overcoat was hardly tolerable. There had been no snow, the settlers said, save a little flurry in the latter part of October, which melted as it fell. The air was crisp and invigorating and a flood of light, warm sunshine bathed the brown hills and valleys. The country belongs to the Heart River Valley, but New Salem is about seven miles from the river, near a little creek called the Sweet Brier. How the region drained by the Heart looks may be understood pretty well by the picture on this page. It is a region of undulating, grassy plains, broken by numerous low, steep hills called buttes, which are capped with broken strata of sandstone.

The purpose of my journey was to make the acquaintance of the settlers, learn how they are getting on, note their opinions of the country, its soil, climate and productive capacity and thus obtain trustworthy information for such of the readers of THE NORTHWEST as wish to choose desirable points to which to emigrate in the spring.

The founder of New Salem is J. J. Luck, formerly of Ripon, Wisconsin. Together with a little group of friends living in that place he began to set on foot, three years ago, an agitation in favor of Western colonization, which has since developed no fewer than six settlements—five in Dakota and one in Montana. The New Salem colony was organized in Chicago in the winter of 1882-3, Mr. Luck having selected the site the previous fall. He found, wholly unoccupied, an admirable stretch of fertile country, reaching from the Heart River to the Big Knife River, a distance of about forty miles, with a breadth from east to west, between natural boundaries of low hills, of from seven to ten miles. Into this land of promise he led the advance guard of the colony in April, 1883. The principle of the organization was individual action and ownership, and co-operation only to the extent of advancing the general interests of the community. Each member paid twenty dollars to defray the expenses of selecting lands, printing circulars, etc., and each received without further payment, a lot in the town site. Most of the colonists were German-Americans, who had been long enough in the older States of the West to speak English readily and become accustomed to Western life. Among them, however, were many native Americans. There was no purpose to give the colony a German character and all worthy people, of whatever nationality, were welcomed. The location proved to be a fortunate one. The soil is a deep,

black loam resting in clay and holding moisture so well that crops are independent of summer rains. Excellent drainage and consequently good health is secured by the rolling character of the surface. Springs of clear, pure water are found in the sides of nearly all the hills. There is no mud in the fall, and the surface of the ground is dried by the wind very soon after the frost gets out in the spring, so that the roads are good almost the entire year. Of greater importance than any feature of the region, save the soil, is the black lignite coal which is everywhere found. "Our hills are our forests," said Mr. Luck. "Every farmer can get coal within a mile of his house." The cost of the coal, delivered in the town, I learned, is only one dollar and a half a wagon load, holding rather more than a ton. This cheap fuel is an inestimable blessing to the settlers. Most of them mine it for themselves, shoveling it into their wagons from seams in the sides of hills, and thus warming their houses with no other cost than their own labor. The lignite burns well in ordinary stoves made for burning bituminous coal. At Mr. Luck's house I saw it burning in a self-feeding anthracite parlor stove, making a bright blaze behind the mica plates.

In the village of New Salem, now a year and a half

I give below the statements of a few of the settlers with whom I have talked in the course of an afternoon's drive:

W. Engelder, from Chicago, Ill.—Began plowing last spring. Live two miles east of New Salem. Raised 300 bushels of potatoes on two acres of sod. Got a fair yield of flint corn on the sod. It ripened by the 1st of October. Did not measure it. Planted some white corn but it did not get ripe. Raised beans, peas, rutabagas, squashes, radishes and beets in abundance. Cut forty-five tons of wild hay.

Hermann Kroeger, from Des Moines County, Iowa.—Settled last year on a homestead and tree claim four and a half miles north of New Salem and bought a quarter section of railroad land, making in all a farm of 320 acres. Broke 45 acres last year. Raised this year 889 bushels of oats, machine measure, on 28 acres of land, which went 1,000 bushels by weight. Put in five acres to wheat, which yielded seventeen and one-half bushels to the acre, and five acres of barley which yielded 117 bushels. Got over 100 bushels of potatoes from one acre. The soil, in my judgment, beats the black, heavy prairie land of Iowa. It holds moisture longer than any soil I ever saw. The climate is the healthiest I ever lived in. Began plow-

ing last spring in the latter part of March. Last winter I exchanged weather reports with an old neighbor in Southern Iowa. The coldest day here was the 4th of January, and there the 5th, and it was only nine degrees colder here than there. Have planted catalpa and yellow locust trees. The latter made four feet of growth this year.

Henry Spinner from Cook County, Illinois.—Took a homestead claim two miles north of New Salem in the spring of 1883. This year raised 500 bushels of oats on sixteen acres and thirty-five bushels of wheat on an acre and a half. Keep nine head of stock. There are more pleasant days for

field work than in Illinois. The climate is excellent. First snow fell last year on the 20th of November.

Isaac Moore, from Kansas.—Settled last year on Knife River, near Mercer. Raised 200 bushels of potatoes on one acre of ground broken last fall and 100 bushels of ear corn on three acres of sod. Planted the corn early in June. It all ripened. Raised an abundance of vegetables. The winter set in last year on the 14th of December and the frost got out of the ground, so we could plow, the last week in March. The winter was a cold one, but we had a great deal of fine weather in February. There is plenty of good land for homesteading in the Knife River country, both in the valley and on the rolling plateaux. Along the streams are considerable cottonwood and box elder. Coal is found everywhere in veins of from four to thirteen feet thick. We have an abundance of pure spring water.

J. J. Luck, from Ripon, Wisconsin.—Selected the site for the New Salem settlement after looking over the Northern Pacific line as far as the Upper Yellowstone Valley, and also examining Southern Dakota. Brought out eighty families in the spring of 1882, mainly from Illinois, Wisconsin and Michigan. Erected the first building in the colony.



A HEART RIVER VALLEY, LANDSCAPE.

old since the first colonists pitched their tents and dug a well for the general use, there are now two grocery stores, a drug store, hotel, harness shop, blacksmith shop, shoemaker's shop, agricultural implement store, lumber yard, land office, school house and church, and about two score of dwellings. A doctor and a minister are among the colonists. In the school there are thirty-four children. So it will be seen that the settlement has already organized itself into a social entity, with the usual conveniences of rural life. There are about 150 families settled on farms in the vicinity. The government lands are nearly all gotten for homesteads for seven miles back from the railroad and the railroad lands are partly sold. New settlers will find just as good lands as those occupied, but they must go a little farther from town. Last spring an offshoot of the colony went north thirty-five miles to the valley of the Big Knife River and established a town called Mercer. All the country between New Salem and Mercer is excellent for general farming and stock-raising, and so well adapted for dense settlement that the people believe a branch railroad from the Northern Pacific line will, in two or three years, run north to Mercer to haul the crops to market.

Sowed four and one-half acres in wheat this year on sod broken last October, and threshed ninety-seven bushels. Got fifty-three bushels of barley from one and one-half acres. Sowed oats on the sod and got 300 bushels from thirteen acres. My wheat averaged four feet high. Have set out raspberries, blackberries, currants, grapes, and strawberries. In digging my cellar I went through a seven-foot vein of coal. The whole country is underlaid with seams of lignite. I believe this to be the best country for settlers of moderate means in the entire Northern Pacific belt. We have cheap lands, a good soil, a good climate, pure water, plenty of cheap fuel and a luxuriant growth of native grasses for pasturage. What could the settler want more?

The New Salem settlement needs a general merchandise store, carrying a large stock and having capital sufficient to give moderate credits to the farmers. A brick yard would do well. A small custom flour mill would be of great benefit to the community and would do a good business. At present the farmers have to take their grain to Bismarck, twenty-eight miles distant, to be ground. A bank will be needed in time and a livery stable. The settlement is made up of an excellent class of people, mostly experienced, practical farmers, and is sure to prosper. E. V. S.

SURE CURE FOR SNORING.

The cowboy's cure for snoring is unique and effectual if not soothing. On the Utah & Northern Railroad last Sunday a 200-pound man lay snoring on two facing seats. His roar had been heard to the discomfort of a car full all afternoon. At about 4 p. m. a cowboy got on at one of the canyon stations. He heard the foghorn with evident impatience for a half hour or so, when he stepped up to the sleeper and said: "Say, stranger, stop that 'ar snort or you'll get fired." The cowboy was not large, but he was full of guns and there was business in his eye. The big man said nothing but lay still, and his sleep, if he slept, was as quiet as the slumber of infancy.—*Dalles (Ore.) Letter.*

DEPREDATING WOLVES.

There is a remarkable increase in the number of gray wolves in the cattle countries. They have been on the increase for three or four years past. With the disappearance of the buffalo the wolves also disappeared, as they were left without sufficient food supply and of course had to follow the wild herd as they retired to more remote pastures. But now the place once occupied by the buffalo is the pasture ground for thousands upon thousands of cattle, and as wolves are not so particular in their diet as to object to beef when they cannot get buffalo meat, they are returning to their old haunts and the ranges are alive with them. The cattle, and especially the calves, are the food on which the pests thrive and it is becoming quite a serious detriment to the cattle interests. Wolf poisoning is likely to become a profitable industry, and some of the counties, by way of fostering it, offer to furnish free strychnine to all who wish to engage in it.—*Yellowstone Journal.*

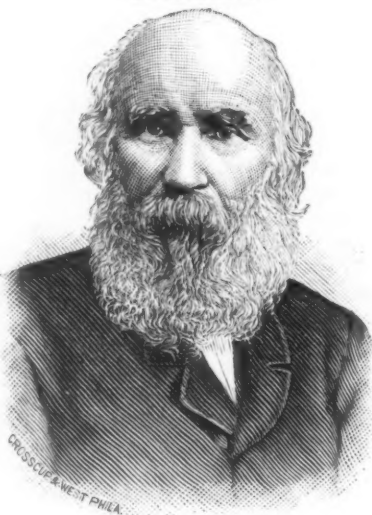
SPIRIT VALLEY, IDAHO.

Spirit Valley is north of Rathdrum about fifteen miles, and is indeed a charming spot. It is about twenty-four miles long and averages three miles in width. It is covered by the most luxuriant bunch grass, and well watered by mountain brooks. Fourteen claims have already been taken and are now being fenced; besides several comfortable dwellings have been erected. Among those already located in the valley are Pete Rhodebeck, Oscar and George Melder, Wilcott, Kennedy, McKinney, Chas. Bradbury, Scott, Robinson, three French boys and several others. And it is said there is plenty of room for 500 more.

A post office is badly needed to accommodate these people and a petition should be circulated asking the department for a mail route and post office. Along the route an office might very properly be located at

some convenient point in the valley, and thence on to Calispel. It will not be long before this valley is settled up by a thrifty, enterprising people.—*Rathdrum (Idaho) Courier.*

PRESIDENT OF THE MONTANA PIONEERS.



James Fergus

We are indebted to the Deer Lodge *New Northwest* for the portrait of James Fergus, president of the Pioneer Association of Montana, which appears on this page, and for the annexed sketch of his life. When chosen to preside over the association, Mr. Fergus said: "I would rather occupy this position than be president of the United States," a remark which reveals the degree of pride a genuine old timer feels in having been among the first to brave the dangers and hardships of settlement in Montana.

James Fergus was born in the parish of Glassford, Lanarkshire, Scotland, on the 8th day of October, 1813. His parents were well-to-do farmers, owning some real estate; his father a rigid Presbyterian, his mother rather liberal. After receiving a very common school education, mostly of a religious character, he spent his time on the farm, noted only for doing everything well and a fondness for books, until he was nineteen, when, seeing little chance in that country for a young man to rise in the world, and longing for less restraint and more liberty and equality, he sailed for the United States by way of Canada, where he spent three years in a Quaker settlement and learned the trade of a millwright. Getting involved in some political trouble just before the Canadian rebellion, he left for the United States; spent one summer on a public work at Green Bay, Wisconsin, a few weeks at Milwaukee—then an embryo town of 1,000 inhabitants (1836); passed through Chicago, where he was offered 160 acres of land, now in the center of the city, at eight dollars an acre, on time; spent the winter of 1836 and 1837 at Buffalo Grove, near Dixon's Ferry; from there went into Central Iowa—then known as the "Blackhawk Purchase," making his home at what is now Sabula; built and superintended powder mills at Savana, Illinois; engaged in the foundry business at Moline, first in company with D. B. Sears, then at the same place and at Rock Island with General S. B. Buford, being the acting and practical partner. Ill health compelling him to quit the business, he was for sometime of the firm of Wheelock & Fergus, paper manufacturers, Moline. Finally he moved to Minnesota, in 1854. In company with Wm. Sturgis and Calvin A. Tuttle, he laid out the town of Little Falls, on the Mississippi River, 100 miles above St. Anthony Falls; helped to build a dam and bridge across the Mississippi at that place; owned the town of Fergus Falls; failed, went to Colorado, thence to Montana by way of Minnesota and the James L. Fisk expedition of 1862, driving his own team from Little Falls to Bannack. He acted as the first recorder of Alder Gulch at Vir-

ginia City, was the first county commissioner appointed in the Territory for Madison County, was for many years a citizen of Lewis and Clarke County, where he served nearly two terms as commissioner, one term in the legislature, and is now a citizen of Meagher County, with his home north of Fort Maginnis, where he is engaged in raising cattle, horses and sheep. He was a member of the constitutional convention this year from that county; is a Republican in politics, and a liberal in religious belief. His main characteristics are a natural aptitude for mechanical enterprises, a sturdy independence of thought, a strict integrity of purpose and a love of study and good books.

He was married to Parmelia Dillin, formerly from Jefferson County, New York, at Moline, Ills., March 16, 1845. They have three daughters and one son.

Mr. Fergus is a thoroughly *honest man*—the noblest work of God—in every sense of the word. His character is as sturdy as the mountains of his chosen home, and his life as pure as the snows that tip their summits. With his children and children's children near them, he and his good old wife, typical and most estimable pioneers, still live in the mellow light of a century, respected and loved by all who know them. May James Fergus be hailed in fellowship at many succeeding convocations of the Pioneers.

HE WILL NOT SETTLE IN MISSOURI.

Mr. Geo. Hamilton, from his quiet and orderly down East home, was in Missouri looking for a farm, when a land agent showed him through Ray County, and offered the following inducements to settle there: "There is no such land elsewhere in Missouri, and the society cannot be surpassed. Do you see that house over there? Well, there is where the Ford brothers lived, and where poor Charlie committed suicide. And also that one across the field? Wood Hite was killed in that house. Over yonder a little ways is the old homestead of the James family. If you could only stay over until to-morrow I would take pleasure in introducing you to Frank, whom we expect over from Boonville to spend a day or two with us. About six miles further on we come to the Mormon settlement. All good people to live among. We have about 500 of them, voters in this county." Mr. Hamilton took the next train home. He won't settle in Missouri. He prefers a more peaceful county, and intends to go to Dakota next spring.

CHINESE FEEDING THEIR DEAD.

Early yesterday morning hacks and express wagons loaded with Chinamen, roast pigs, etc., commenced to pour across the Stark Street Ferry, on their way to Lone Fir Cemetery, to observe the religious ceremony commonly called "feeding the dead." A reporter of this paper, who visited the cemetery during the afternoon, found a large number of Chinamen engaged in this pious duty. The roast pigs and chickens were placed around on the ground, among the graves of the Chinese, and at the head of nearly every grave candles were burning. From the best information to be obtained in regard to this custom, it seems that the food is intended as a sort of propitiatory offering to the Chinese devil. The offerings varied according to the habits and tastes of the occupants of the graves. At the grave of one, his friend, after digging holes in the hard ground with his knife, stuck up two candles and then laid out several sets of chopsticks and as many small cups, which he filled with wine; then he placed some bowls of rice and a package of cigarettes and a small vessel of opium. Then he made several bows and genuflections, as if inviting his dear friend or the other party to set to. A number of fires were burning in the vicinity, and on these were placed pieces of paper, with squares of imitation gold leaf pasted on them, representing gold coin, and smaller squares, punched full of holes, represented the brass cash, which coin has a hole in the center. Some burned small garments made of paper, and this furnished a new suit to their deceased friends at small cost. After the pigs and chickens had been displayed long enough to give the devil time to satisfy himself, they were carefully replaced in the wagons and brought back to town.—*Portland Oregonian.*

PREHISTORIC RELICS IN DAKOTA.

From the Pierre (Dakota) Recorder.

For some months past archaeologists have been from time to time making discoveries of the evidences of an occupation of this region of country ante-dating the Sioux. Some months since the *Recorder* announced that during the removal of Mr. V. E. Prentice's cottage the workmen unearthed a quantity of human bones and fragments of pottery on the plateau immediately in front of the Hotel Brunswick, a short distance south of Pleasant Drive. During the month of July the announcement was made that Mr. Fred. Steigmeyer had made a most singular discovery upon his claim about five miles north of the city, it being nothing else than a group of large boulders lying apparently irregularly over the slope of Snake Butte, forming the outlines of a mammoth turtle. Several months ago a discovery of similar character was reported as having been made upon the bluff known as Medicine Knoll, near Blunt, where a number of small stones and boulders, extending over a considerable extent of ground, were found, upon examination, to

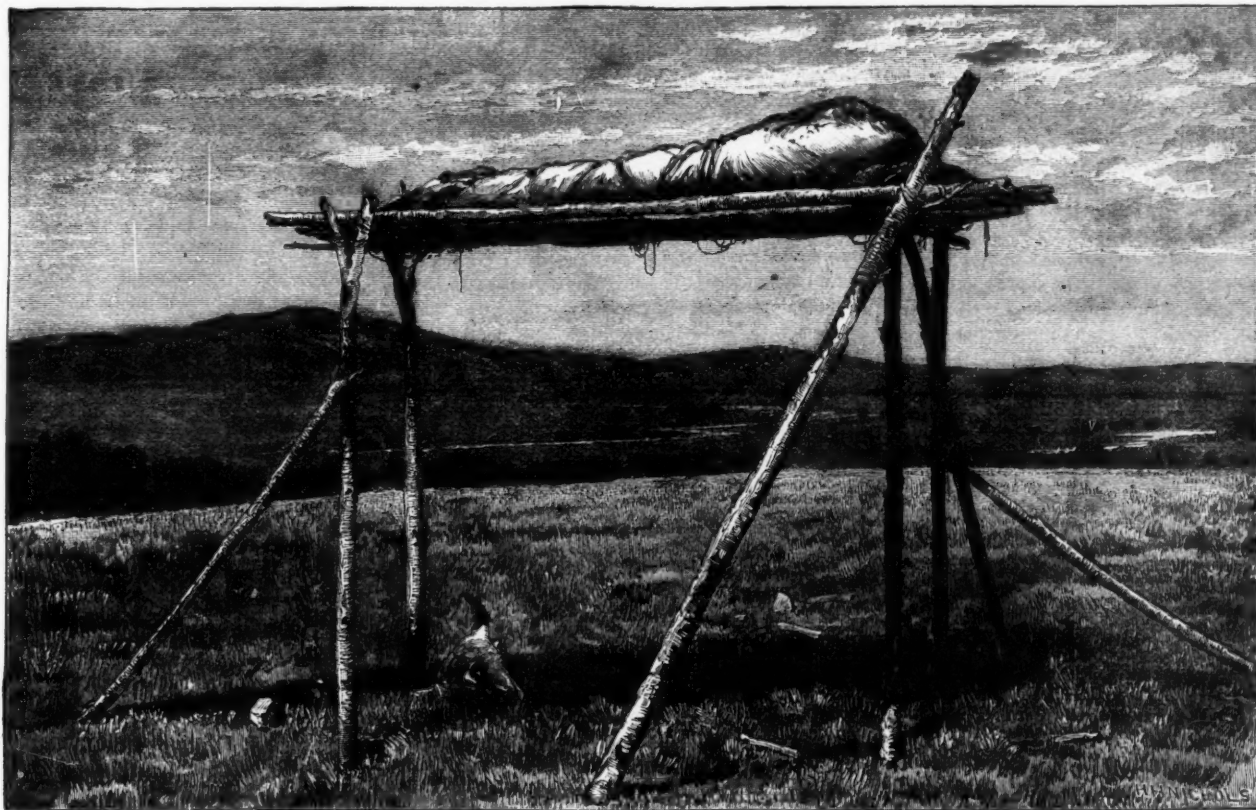
defined and swelling from a narrow point at the neck to the center, which is about twelve feet wide, then gradually tapering off to a point, forming the tail. Large numbers have visited the spot out of curiosity, and in tracing the outlines have made a well worn path throughout its entire length. The evidences that at some time in the past this entire country was densely populated are numerous, but who the former occupants were, or what has become of them, are matters of conjecture. The subject is a very interesting one, and offers a large field for the archaeologist antiquary.

A TALK ABOUT MONTANA.

A. K. Yerxes in Olympia (Wash. Ter.) Transcript.

"Your citizens are dead to the best resources of the country," said a Colorado mining expert to me last week. "What do you mean?" I replied. "Simply this, your mines are the principal money producers of Montana at present, and will be for years to come. If you go to Helena, all conversations regarding the country will be about horses, cattle and

folly to attempt to compete with Washington Territory and Oregon producers. The few farmers, however, by diversifying their crops will be able to raise nearly all they eat, can fatten stock and supply an active market with vegetables, butter and eggs. There is no reason why the man fortunate enough to possess a few acres of tillable land cannot do well, better than his brethren of neighboring States. But it is to the mining interests that you should look for the mould of your future wealth and greatness. You have an abundance of cokeable coal, and with another railroad there is no reason why Montana should not take the lead of Colorado as a mining country. I have never seen such prospects as have been shown me since I have been here. The mountains are full of precious metals, only waiting the capital of rich men and the use of machinery. Look at the Drum Lummon near Helena. For a long time it was owned by one man, who made big wages by working it alone. Urged to sell, he retained an interest, and now it turns out \$150,000 in gold every month, employs a large crew of men, has built up a town around it and drawn a branch railroad to its doors. More than one mine will yet do the same thing, and with a show of enterprise on the part of your citizens the ball would be put in motion and a lively country made from what now is a dormant land, made more so by the presence of one railroad." This



INDIAN GRAVE, CROW INDIAN RESERVATION, MONTANA.

be arranged with great regularity in the form of a serpent, with head, tail, etc., complete. Several scientific gentlemen in the country have examined these groups and much conjecture has been the result as to what race of people is to be attributed the work, or what purpose these groups were intended to serve. Many are of the opinion that the work was done by the mound-builders, evidences of whose occupancy of this country are found extending throughout the entire Northwest; and it is also supposed that these groups served some purpose in the religious rites of the strange people. Mr. W. H. Hawley, of Blunt, our efficient county surveyor, informed us while in conversation upon this subject this morning, that he had visited Medicine Knoll several times, with others, and that the outline of the serpent is very plainly defined throughout, the distance from the head to the tail being 347 feet. Different colored stones have been used to designate the nose and eyes, a large white boulder, about two feet in size, making the former, and pinkish stones, about the size of one's fist, the latter. The proportions of the serpent are said to be very perfect, the lines of smaller stones making the outline following the form of a serpent very closely in all the proportions; the line is well

sheep-raising; nothing is said about the rich mines and the undeveloped veins of promising ore. Now, in Colorado, mines would be changing hands daily, and thousands of dollars would be circulating where two-bit pieces change hands here. That is a progressive country, where the people know that their dependance is upon minerals, and that it is necessary to aid and advance this interest as rapidly as possible. Here the trouble and expense of obtaining suitable machinery appalls your people at the start and they neglect this important industry, expecting that capital unasked will come in and in time do what they are afraid to do. For instance, I saw a mine the other day that I could sell, were it in Colorado, for at least \$60,000. The owner asked me \$500 for it. I tell you, cattle are all right for those who have secured good ranges, but the country will advance very slowly from this business in the hands of a few men, who live an isolated life, hire but a few men, and spend their profits in the East. Farming will never cut much of a figure here; outside of the Bitter Root and Gallatin valleys it will never be a success, owing to the sterility of the soil and the difficulty of procuring moisture sufficient. Exclusively grain crops even in these regions will never pay, because you have no market. On the east of you, cheap transportation and the close proximity of the commercial centers will be a disadvantage to you and compel your farmers to sell their grain cheaper than they can raise it. On the west, the outlet by way of the ocean again besets you, and it would be sheer

conversation accords so fully with my views of the present situation of Montana, that I have hastily written it down with the hope that it may interest those who asked me to write of the conditions which govern this realm of imperial magnitude and rich promise.

A CROW INDIAN BURIAL PLATFORM.

The influence of missionaries and the agents has caused the Crows of Montana to pretty much abandon their old custom of wrapping their dead up in blankets and buffalo robes and placing them on rude scaffolding, and to adopt the civilized mode of burying them in the ground. Many of the old platforms still remain, however. The traveler usually gives them a wide berth on the windward side. When the railroad was built across the reservation the line ran right through one of these curious cemeteries, on which was deposited over a score of bodies in all stages of decomposition, and the workmen were obliged to turn grave-diggers and dispose of the dreadful mass before the road could be graded. Undoubtedly the custom of disposing of the dead originated in the practical motive of putting them out of reach of the wolves, which dig up bodies buried no deeper than the Indians, with their rude tools, could readily place them. The landscape in our engraving is on the upper waters of one of the small tributaries of the Yellowstone River.

A Mississippi Boat Song.

BY SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

There's music on the river! 'Tis the purling of the tide,
And merrily it tinkles from the bubbles as we glide,
Now it fades away to silence; now it wakes so sweet a note,
Fancy whispers 'tis an echo from a laughing Naisid's throat:
Or else 'tis fair Undine who is singing 'neath the wave;
Or yet perchance the Lorelei within her crystal cave.

There's music on the river! More joyously 'tis heard
Gayly trilling from the bosom of a bonny mocking bird;
Amid the swaying willow trees, melodiously clear,
He carols to his brooding mate the lay she loves to hear;
How tenderly she listens with her little heart a-beat!
Though he sings it o'er a thousand times, she thinks it just as sweet.

There's music on the river! 'Tis the fluting of the wind
Blithely boasting of the flowers he has wooed and left behind;
Do you scent the fragrant kisses that he brings upon his mouth?
They were stolen from the lilies of the lakelet in the South;
And alas the lissome roses, dewy darlings of the night,
He has left them broken-hearted in the sultry noon to blight.

There's music on the river! It will never know eclipse,
For 'tis the peerless melody that floats from beauty's lips;
Ah! gently it is wafted from its home of rosy bloom,
And it steals upon the senses like a fairy-brought perfume,
O sweetly carol wind and bird, and tinkling waterfall,
But the gentle voice of woman is the sweetest sound of all!

[WRITTEN FOR THE NORTHWEST.]

THE YOUNG EMIGRANTS.

CHAPTER II.

THE NEW HOME ON THE PRAIRIES.

Will was gone two days on his search for a location for the new home. Land-cruising, his guide called it, and Will thought the term very appropriate, for they cruised about in their wagon over the great swells of the prairie as a ship does at sea, following no track, and steering by the compass or by a distant line of blue hills. Occasionally the guide would stop and examine a little mound with a stake stuck in it, and would talk about sections and ranges and townships in a way Will could not understand. Nicholson explained to him the system of government surveys—how a principal meridian line is run and the whole country laid off in ranges of six-mile-square townships east and west of that meridian; how each township is divided into thirty-six sections of a mile square each, and each section into quarters and eighths and sixteenths, the smallest subdivision being forty acres; how two sections in each township are reserved for common school purposes, to be sold for the benefit of the school fund when the Territory is admitted as a State. With this explanation the young settler understood how it was that the whole vacant plain was like a map to Nicholson, and had but to look at the figures cut into one of the little posts to know exactly where he was.

Nicholson's advice was that he should take two homestead claims and two tree claims, which he and his sister could hold under the law. "You needn't hold the tree claims long enough to have to plant trees on them. It wouldn't pay you to try to raise timber here, but in a year or two when the country fills up more you can get a hundred dollars at least for relinquishing a tree claim to some man who wants to preempt or homestead it. That's about all there is in the tree claim business so far as my observations go."

About noon of the second day they found two adjoining quarter sections that were unclaimed which Will thought would suit him, and cornering on one of them was a quarter on which a tree claim could be filed. The other tree claim they got two miles distant. Only one can be filed on a section under the law. Will was surprised to learn that although the country was nearly all as bare of habitations as nature made it, for they saw only a few cabins during their drive, most of the land was already taken up. In the first place every alternate section belonged to the railroad company; then there were many new pre-emptions and homesteads on which the claimants had six months allowed them by law in which to begin their improvements, and numbers of tree claims on which the holders were only obliged to plow five acres a year after filing. It was impossible for him to tell from anything he could see what land was taken and what was still open to claims, but his guide knew all

about it. Nicholson carried a number of little maps on which were marked the quarter sections taken, the railroad sections and the school sections. As soon as he got his bearings by a corner stake he would produce one of these maps and tell just how the land was held or not held for miles in all directions. One claim which looked unusually desirable he recommended Will to jump.

"What do you mean by jumping it?" asked Will. "It will take more than a hop, skip and jump to get over it."

"I mean that the owner has not complied with the law and you could put a claim shanty on the land and set up a contest for it. The land office at Bismarck would decide in your favor and you would get the claim."

Will said he preferred not to get into any controversy; he would rather take some less desirable tract about which there would be no dispute. The half section he determined upon for the double homestead sloped to a little brook. On one corner was a large pond on which hundreds of wild ducks were swimming and diving.

"That swale will mostly dry up in summer," said the guide, "and you'll find it valuable for hay. Some people hunt up land that all lies pretty for plowing, but in my opinion a little wet land is a good thing to have, particularly if you're going to keep any stock."

They reached the town late at night of the second day, having driven for the last three hours by instinct, Will thought, for he could see no landmarks to steer by. The next day Will made a journey by rail of a hundred miles to the town where the Government land offices were located and filed the two homestead claims and the two tree claims, according to the directions Nicholson gave him. The fees for the homestead filings were eighteen dollars each and for the tree claims fourteen dollars each, so there was a hole at the start sixty-four dollars wide in the small means of the young emigrants. Then he paid twenty-five dollars for the team and the services of the land hunter. The railroad fare to Bismarck and back and the bills at the hotel more than made up a round hundred dollars. "We must get out on our claim as soon as we can," said Mary, "and stop paying hotel bills."

The next thing was to buy a team and wagon. Here Will had good luck, for he got a second hand wagon that had only been used a year and was almost as good as new, and thus saved thirty dollars. He was a pretty good judge of horses, but he wisely gave up two days to the important business of purchasing a team, and got the advice of the landlord, who took a friendly interest in the affairs of the young people, all the more, no doubt, because he was a bachelor and Mary was as attractive and intelligent a girl as ever emigrated to Dakota. An old farmer from Michigan, also about taking up a claim, volunteered his assistance, too, and between them all, a pair of good useful bays, sound and kind, were bought for two hundred and fifty dollars. Three days were spent in hauling lumber out to the claim. It took a whole day to make the trip with a load. Will proposed that a boarding house should be found for his sister in town while he was putting up the shanty and setting things to rights for living on the homestead, but Mary would not hear to this, declaring that she was able to take her share of whatever roughing it was to be done, so they set off one bright morning with a small stock of provisions, their trunks and boxes, the rocking chair, two cot beds and mattresses, a small cook stove and Will's chest of tools. Of their capital there now remained only a hundred and forty dollars with which to begin life on the open prairie.

"We really ought to feel solemn," said Mary, as they left the town behind, "but I can't if I should try ever so hard. I haven't felt so light hearted since the dear old times before mother died."

"It must be the prairie air," said Will; "the Dakota folks are always talking about the wonderful atmosphere of these great plains. I thought it was

all nonsense at first, but I declare I just feel superb. I like to take long breaths. Do you smell the perfume in this south wind? It has blown over a thousand miles of flowers and new grass away to the south of us."

"I didn't know you could be so poetical."

"Poetical, sis? You ought to have seen me wrestling with that lumber yesterday. I haven't belonged to an amateur base ball club for nothing. That old farmer from Michigan felt of my biceps the other day and said, 'Young fellow, you'll pull through.'"

They overtook a wagon hauling a diminutive cabin. Mary thought it was a hen house or a pig sty. "That's a claim shanty," her brother explained, airing the knowledge he had picked up during his cruise for land; "a fellow dumps it down on the prairie to hold a claim and pretends to live in it when very likely he is a barber or a bartender back there in the town. He goes out and sleeps in the cabin once a fortnight or so. It's a shame that the land can be kept out of the hands of honest settlers by such a scheme as that. I saw lots of those bogus residences when I was hunting for our claims."

When they arrived at their future home Mary felt a little sinking of the heart at first. There was nothing but a pile of lumber on the ground and around stretched the bare desolate prairie, as far as the eye could reach, save a little fringe of timber where a small river ran a mile or two away, and a few yellow specks on the horizon, indicating the cabins of new settlers. She brightened up, however, when she saw what a practical turn her brother displayed and how happy and confident he was. He had already provided a little stock of firewood in the shape of dry cottonwood limbs, and before night he had made, with the help of the wagon-box, a sort of lean-to of boards to shelter them until he could put up the shanty. They covered their goods up with the rest of the lumber, got a supper of fried ham, crackers and coffee over a fire in the open air, tied the horses to the wagon-wheels, and with plenty of blankets enjoyed a sound night's sleep, in spite of the white frost that covered the dry last-year's grass.

Next morning they were surprised at the appearance of a young man in a big felt hat and leather leggings, who came riding over the prairie on a noticeably fine horse. He dismounted, raised his hat politely and in a modest way said, "Beg pardon. Saw you were just beginning on your claim; thought I might be of some assistance. My claim is down there by the river. I have been over a year in the country. Quite an old timer, you know."

It was evident from his tone that he was an Englishman; and still more evident from his manner that he was a gentleman. The proffered assistance came just in the nick of time, for Will had begun to discover that to set up the frame of a cabin was an awkward job for one man to undertake, no matter how solid his biceps might be. The Englishman took hold with skill and good will. "By the way," he said, apologetically, "I forgot to say that my name is Stanwood." "Mine is Russell," said Will, "and this is my sister Mary."

The two young men worked busily together all the morning. The Englishman had removed the saddle from his horse and turned the animal out to graze on the dry herbage. "Not much green yet," he said, "but wait a fortnight and the grass and flowers will all burst out suddenly. The prairies are very beautiful then. You can't judge them rightly now, Miss Russell. By the way, I have brought a brace of ducks for your dinner," unfastening them from the saddle. "There are ducks and ducks you know; some are good and some are not of much account. I think you will find these eatable."

"Thank you. I hope you will stay and help us eat them."

"I will if you will permit me to help you cook them. I'm used to this out-door cooking and you are not." He dressed the ducks and roasted them over the fire and they dined merrily, on a pile of lumber.

Next morning the Englishman came again. "I

really have nothing to do at my place before seeding time," he said, "and if you don't mind having me about I'd like to help you out." So he worked all that day and the next day, too as if he had been a journeyman carpenter all his life. By that time the shanty was roofed, floored and sided. The timber had all been cut the required lengths at the mill in town. The house consisted of two rooms,—a living room, which was also Will's sleeping room, and a little bedroom for Mary, but after their three nights under the wagon-box it seemed quite spacious and comfortable. Two days were spent in making a table and a bench, fixing up some shelves, setting up the stove and doing a variety of odd jobs. Will proposed beginning work digging a well, but his new friend told him he had better wait until he had broken some ground for sod crops. They could use the pond water for a time. It would keep sweet and wholesome till the weather grew warm. Mary had a call from a settler's wife who walked four miles across the prairie to be neighborly. She proved to be an excellent woman who had lived all her life in prairie countries, having been born in Illinois and emigrated first to Iowa and then to Dakota. She overflowed with practical suggestions about housekeeping matters; told how to make a chair out of an old flour barrel; how Will could make a cellar for potatoes in the side of a bank; how important a garden was to a settler; that a cow must be bought right away, because a good cow was half the living of a family, and finally departed with the promise that her husband would come over on Sunday and get acquainted with Will.

And so ended the home-building epoch in our young emigrants' history. They had possession of their joint homestead tract; now the question was whether they could make a living while earning their title from Uncle Sam by the five years' residence required.

To be continued.

METHODICAL SEEDING OF WHEAT.

Professor Blount, of the Colorado Agricultural College, states in a late paper that in 1875 he planted $7\frac{1}{2}$ pounds of hand picked wheat on an exact square acre, in rows 18 inches apart, and at harvest threshed out 67 bushels. In 1880 he planted on 40 square rods 32 ounces of fine, selected wheat, and the product was 18 bushels, or nearly $72\frac{1}{2}$ bushels per acre. The same year, on 76 square feet, he planted 76 kernels of extra fine seed, weighing 45 grains, and the product realized exactly $10\frac{1}{2}$ pounds, nearly at the rate of 100 bushels per acre.

If the professor has made no mistake in this, it would seem that the farmer can, if he will, introduce such "reforms" into his business that his revenue may be greatly increased with actually less outlay. Does thin seeding contain the secret of heavy wheat fields? If it does, then the encouragement of the tillering process and of cultivation necessarily gives new vigor to the plant; consequently the maturity of the plant is retarded, and at the same time made better. When thickly sown it makes few if any tillers, and its tendency is to ripen earlier, with shorter straw, shorter heads and fewer kernels. The greatest enemy to wheat if wheat; it cannot bear to be crowded.—*Northwestern Miller.*

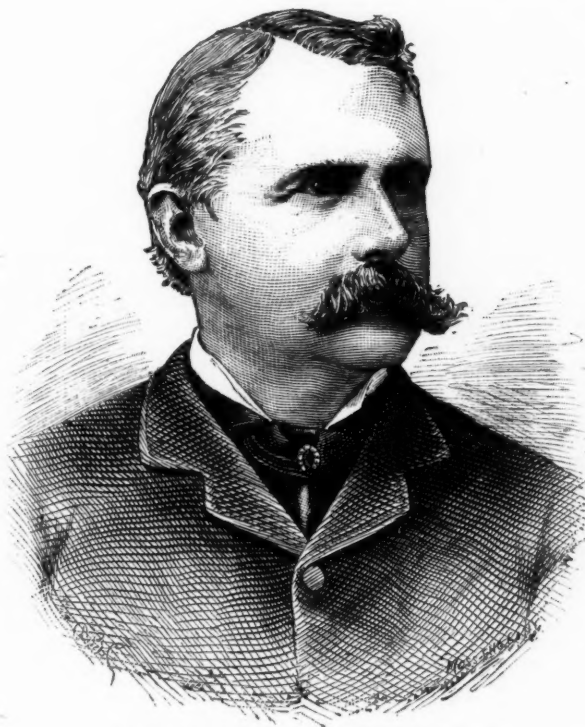
DURING the present season Medora, in the Bad Lands of Dakota, has shipped more cattle than any other place on the Northern Pacific line. Next comes Mingusville, between the Bad Lands and the Yellowstone, and Billings, on the Yellowstone, ranks third.

LEADING MEN OF THE NORTHWEST.

GOVERNOR CROSBY, OF MONTANA.

John Schuyler Crosby, of Montana, the subject of the engraving on this page, was born in New York city, September 19, 1839, and is a great grandson of William Floyd, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. He received a collegiate education at the University of New York. At the breaking out of the Civil War in 1861, he was appointed a lieutenant in the First Artillery, Regular Army. He served throughout the war in the Army of the Potomac and the Army of the Gulf, on the staffs of Generals Arnold, Sherman, Banks and Sheridan. Was wounded and brevetted three times for gallantry on the field of battle.

After the war ended he continued in the army, serving several years on the staffs of Generals Sheridan and Custer in their campaigns against the Indians. He resigned his commission in 1871. In 1876, President Grant appointed him Consul General at Florence, Italy, in which capacity he served until 1882, when he was appointed Governor of Montana by President



EX-GOVERNOR JNO. SCHUYLER CROSBY, OF MONTANA.

Arthur. While in Florence he received from King Humbert the decoration of the Crown of Italy as a reward for the discovery of forgeries of Italian government bonds, and the arrest of the forgers, whose band was the most extensive in Europe.

In 1876 he received the life-saving medal, awarded by act of Congress, for brave and heroic conduct in saving life at the time of the loss of the yacht Mohawk.

Gov. Crosby resigned the governorship of Montana recently on being tendered by President Arthur the appointment of First Assistant Postmaster General. During his residence in Montana he labored with intelligence and zeal to advance the material interests of the Territory, and made considerable investments of his own means in the development of its resources. He has been a great traveler, having been around the world and visited South America, the West Indies, the Pacific Islands, Australia, China, Japan and Africa, as well as all parts of Europe. In character he is active, energetic, genial and companionable, fond of good society, good books and fine horses.

WONDERS OF PUGET SOUND.

Correspondence St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Puget Sound teems with other things than food fish, and those blossoms of the sea, the anemones, the rays and the jelly-fish, float lazily through the waters, like inhabitants of another world. Gold and crimson anemones wave their long streamers in these clear, green waters, the corolla of these living flowers measuring from six to twelve inches across. Glistening jelly-fish lie on the beach like bits of ice, and big clam shells and scallop shells and the queer disks of the "sea dollars" strew the sands. The other morning the two visitors who raved most over Port Townsend and its surroundings were rapped up at 4 o'clock to visit the beach at its lowest tide. There is only one "dead low tide," as the children call it, in these waters each day, and the tides are a puzzle and paradox to mariners. No one has ever yet been able to make out a tide table for Victoria Harbor across the straits. A fine young Irishman, astir at that still and dewy hour of the morning, rowed our boat in under the long wharf, and there

we found a wonderland and transformation scene that we never could have imagined. Thirteen feet above our heads the piles were covered with every strange marine growth, and a designer or art decorator could get ideas and forms enough there to supply him with unique plans for a lifetime. Giant star fish, pink and white, and of purplish hues, covered the piles by hundreds. We pushed them off with oars and sticks, and drew them into the boat, to carefully measure and note them, in order to add our trifle to the matutinal fish stories. Many of them measured twelve and eighteen inches across their thick, fleshy bodies, and nineteen and twenty-one feelers enabled them to hold on to whatever they touched. Muscle shells in myriads covered the piles with another kind of marine decoration, and there were clusters of long, flexible pipe stems in which lives a worm, which is the fishermen's best bait. From the end of the long pipes the head or feelers of the worm floated in bunches of crimson strands that looked like deep carnation pink in the water. A single touch and the flower-like head was drawn in at a flash, and the pipe stem was closed and rigid. The oarsman filled his end of the boat with this fish bait, while farther in, in this flower garden of the bottom of the sea, we found the piles covered with white anemones. Below the water line they floated like huge snowy cauliflowers, and their shape and size were wonderful.

All around the shores the beaches are full of clams, and the Indians get their food supply very easily by sending out their squaws to dig them. Marvelous stories are told in Oregon as to the size of the Puget Sound clams, but though very large shells are seen the clams of twenty and forty pounds weight must now be extinct, since none can be found at the famous points. The average clam is a tender, delicate morsel encased in a scalloped shell from an inch to two inches in diameter. At very low tide the Indians find immense scallops, and a pair of big flat scallop shells, brought over by the Duke of York, chief of the Clallam tribe, was six inches in diameter, ribbed with pink and white lines and dotted with tiny specks of barnacles. Clam bakes are great diversions for Port Townsend people, and they quite surpass the original Rhode Island festivity.

IN Washington Territory there is a town called Hog Eye. The *Dayton Chronicle* heads its news from that place "Hog Eyetems."

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ST. PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS, DECEMBER, 1884.

LETTERS from new settlements, setting forth their advantages for immigration, are always welcome. Never mind about fine writing; give us the facts and we will put them in shape for publication.

In our January number will appear an illustrated article on the city of Minneapolis, showing the nature and extent of the very substantial growth it has accomplished during the year 1884. The pictures will include views of the principal business blocks erected during the year and of several of the fine residences. Valuable statistics of the manufacturing output, wholesale trade and building record will be given in the article.

THE Northern Pacific dining car service has more than paid expenses during the past three months. It was not established to make money, but to serve the convenience and comfort of passengers; but it promises in future to be a source of revenue. It is a very popular feature of the road. The meals are up to the standard of first-class hotels, and passengers constantly wonder how the company can afford to give them such excellent repasts for seventy-five cents.

DURING the month of October the Northern Pacific Railroad earned \$1,461,370, the largest showing for any single month in its history. Its entire freight equipment was worked to its fullest capacity, and was only made adequate to the demands upon it by great activity and skill on the part of the operating department. Fully twice the mileage was obtained from the cattle cars that is usually obtained on other roads. This result was accomplished by the exercise of constant vigilance to keep the cars moving and to prevent their lying on side tracks a day longer than was necessary to load and unload. Next year a considerable increase in the stock equipment of the line will be necessary.

NEWS from the recent gold discoveries in the Little Rocky Mountains east of Fort Benton, Montana, does not warrant the belief that rich placers will be found. A correspondent of the Butte *Inter-Mountain* writes: "There are about five strings of sluices in both gulches, and probably a dozen rockers. I saw several of them clean up, and in no instance would it pay one dollar per day to the man. We have panned everywhere, and will keep at it for some time; but if the people continue to leave as fast as they have since we came, we will soon be alone. The great trouble here is no water, and not one piece of wash gravel. The whole mountain is limestone and porphyry; no quartz, except a little barren white float."

THERE have been several weeks during the wheat-moving season just closed when Duluth has shown heavier receipts than Chicago, and has thus stepped to the head of the list of the wheat-handling cities of the United States. During the third week in November Duluth received 958,866 bushels; Chicago, 919,000 bushels, and Minneapolis 801,000 bushels. When it is borne in mind that the wheat-growing territory tributary to Chicago is already pretty well developed, while not one acre in twenty of that which finds its natural outlet at Duluth is yet cultivated, the future of the infant city at the head of Lake Superior, can easily be predicted. Jay Cooke and the early friends of the Northern

Pacific Railroad were not as wild as the short-sighted public supposed, when they predicted that a great commercial city would arise at the terminus of the road on the greatest inland sea of the continent.

IN rapidly pushing the building of its Cascade branch the Northern Pacific Company is not only fulfilling a duty to the people of Washington Territory, accepted when its charter was conferred, but is doing what is evidently essential for the protection of the interests of its stockholders. No reasonable man could suppose that this powerful corporation, after constructing, through years of zealous effort, 2,000 miles of track across the vast plains of the interior of the continent, and over the formidable barriers of the Rocky Mountains, to open a northern route to the Pacific, would stop when only 200 miles from the sea and be dependent for access to tide-water upon the road of another company. We predict that the short line to Puget Sound will be opened for traffic before the close of 1885, by the aid of a switch-back over the tunnel through the Cascade Mountains. When this is accomplished the question of leasing the line down the Columbia River will soon settle itself.

ALL that is needed for the new regions of the Northwest to secure an abundant and abiding prosperity is more people. From every section the cry comes to us, "send us emigrants." We have a practical suggestion to make in this line. Let everyone of our readers living in those regions, undertake, during the coming winter, to write at least ten letters to old acquaintances in the East, on the resources of the particular region where he lives, and the chances for new settlers. Be specific and not general. Tell about the climate and the soil; but also about some good opening of which you have personal knowledge, whether it be to get a quarter section of government land for a homestead, or to buy a desirable piece of railroad land, or to start a store, or to open an office or shop. If this course is followed it will surely produce results. We are doing all we can to stimulate emigration to the regions we represent and may fairly claim that our efforts have borne good fruits, but we at all times recognize that the most effective agency in this direction is to be sought in the letters which the contented settlers send off to their relatives and friends in their old homes. In this work every settler can take part.

THE HUDSON'S BAY PROJECT.

THE explorations prosecuted by the Canadian Government during the past summer have not resulted favorably to the project for opening a sea route to Europe by way of Hudson's Bay for the grain of Manitoba. Thus far only preliminary reports have been made, and final reports must await the return of the winter observation parties stationed on Hudson's Strait. But in spite of the efforts of some of the Manitoba papers to extract some comfort for the project from the facts published, it is evident to the impartial reader that the officers of the expedition are by no means sanguine of any useful fruits following their labors. The straits leading to the bay do not open until June, and appear to be more or less obstructed by floating ice throughout the summer. The diary of the expedition for August shows that ice prevailed in the straits for nineteen days out of the thirty, and snow storms occurred on five other days. Churchill Harbor, on the west side of the bay, the proposed terminus of a railroad from Winnipeg, did not open this year until June 26. Mr. Spencer, the Hudson's Bay Company's officer there, says that it freezes up about the 6th of November. There would, he thinks, be very little difficulty in entering the harbor in fine weather, but when the weather is thick or heavy, beacons would be necessary at several points. Along the coast from Cape Churchill to the harbor the shores at low water are full of shoals, on which a vessel would strike long before they could be seen in thick weather.

The land end of the project is even less encouraging

than the sea route. J. W. Klatze, the Dominion Government explorer, who was sent to inquire into the feasibility of constructing a railway from Winnipeg to the Hudson Bay connection with this route, does not speak favorably of the ultimate success of the undertaking, and thinks, if ever accomplished, it will be at a price which few capitalists would care to embark in. The line runs through a region as difficult to traverse as the north shore of Lake Superior, being composed of alternate swamps and rocky barrens, and affording no possible local traffic for a railroad.

It does not require any argument to show that capitalists cannot be persuaded to build 500 miles of very expensive road through an absolute wilderness for the sake of a grain traffic which would last only four months out of twelve, supposing the wheat to be largely held over the winter, and only one month after the late harvest time in Manitoba. There would be no return freights for the road at any time, and no business whatever during the long period of each year when Hudson's Bay is inaccessible to steamers.

The project, ambitious as it is, and interesting from the geographer's point of view, must be abandoned, and the people of Manitoba must fall back on the conclusion that their natural waterway to the sea is by way of the great lakes and the Erie or Canadian canals. When the Canadian Pacific is opened around Lake Superior, they will doubtless be again disappointed. The new road is not going to confer any substantial benefits upon them in the eastern connections it will afford, because the natural commercial center for the products of Manitoba is not in the distant Canadian cities, but in the near dual metropolis of St. Paul and Minneapolis.

RAISING WHEAT AT A LOSS.

AN article recently appeared in the London *Economist* on the cost of raising wheat in England which is calculated to afford comfort to our Northwestern farmers. The *Economist*, an excellent authority on the subject, figures up the cost of producing and marketing wheat per acre in the English grain-growing counties as follows:

	£	s.	d.
Rent, tithe, rates and taxes.....	2	0	0
Carting and spreading manure.....	0	10	0
Plowing, rolling, drilling and harrowing.....	0	15	0
Seed, including preparation.....	0	10	0
Keeping rooks off.....	0	2	0
Hoing and weeding.....	0	10	0
Harvesting and thatching.....	1	0	0
Threshing, dressing and carting out.....	0	10	0
Wear and tear of implements.....	0	3	0
Total expenditure per acre.....	6	0	0
Receipts, four quarters of wheat at 30 s.....	6	0	0

This, says the *Economist*, makes no allowance for interest on capital, superintendence, or a number of miscellaneous expenses which it estimates will average another pound per acre, or for manure, which on many farms costs still another pound. A quarter is eight bushels. Calling the English pound worth \$4.85 of our money, we have the cost per acre, not including the additional £2, which must in many cases be added, \$29.10. At thirty shillings a quarter the wheat brings 91 cents per bushel.

With the very best showing, and not including interest on his capital or any pay for his own time, the English farmer gets back this year barely his outlay. This supposes, too, that the sale of his straw has paid for the manure purchased, or for the cost of making it on the farm. Adding £2 for the cost of items not included in the above table, brings him out nearly \$10 behind on every acre of wheat he has harvested this year. With such a discouraging result, the *Economist* predicts that there will be a great reduction in the acreage sown for next year's crop. Wheat, it insists, cannot be successfully produced in England for less than forty shillings per quarter, or \$1.20 per bushel.

Making full allowance for the heavy cost of transportation to the seaboard and thence to Liverpool, it is plain that the American farmer on the prairies of the Northwest, who is raising wheat on land which cost him only \$2 or \$3 per acre, has a

great advantage over his English competitor. The cost of producing wheat in Minnesota or Dakota is only from \$6 to \$8 per acre. Some of the items in the English schedule will sound strangely to American readers. Boys and old men are hired to go through the fields and destroy the weeds—an operation never attempted in an American wheat field. Rooks correspond closely to our crows. Thatching is the English term for stacking, which has to be carefully done on account of the frequent rains.

The English farmer who has lost money on his wheat crop had better convert his effects into cash, give up his lease, and emigrate to Dakota, where he will have no rent or tithes to pay, and where he will not need to bother about the weeds or the rooks.

A GOOD COUNTRY FOR SETTLERS.

WE recommend people who intend going to the Northwest next spring to settle to look carefully into the advantages offered by the region lying west of the Missouri River in Dakota, on both sides of the Northern Pacific line. The merits of this region may fairly be summarized as follows:

First—It is all quite new and the settler will therefore have the benefit of the increase in values of lands and the opportunities for establishing business enterprises which come from the influx of population to a section just beginning to fill up.

Second—The soil is good. The few settlers already in the country have amply demonstrated by their farming operations during the past season that large yields of wheat, rye, oats, barley and potatoes can be depended on, and that remunerative crops of Indian corn can be raised. Agriculture is not a doubtful experiment but an unquestioned success. For stock-raising the country affords special advantages, the growth of the native grasses being luxuriant and the numerous buttes and hills breaking the force of winter storms.

Third—Immense quantities of fertile Government land are open for homestead claims and the railroad land is offered at low prices and on the very liberal terms ten equal annual payments. A settler with a very moderate capital can exercise his homestead and pre-emption rights, thus securing half a section of Government land, and can buy the adjoining half section of the railroad company and square his farm to the handsome proportions of an even mile square. The cost of such an estate would be only the \$400 paid the government for the pre-empted quarter section and about \$100 a year paid to the railroad company. On a section farm a settler can profitably combine grain-growing and stock-raising. There is no part of the United States where a section of good land can be had as easily and as cheaply as in Western Dakota.

Fourth—The climate is not severe, the winters being considerably milder than in the same latitude in Eastern Dakota or Minnesota. The weather from the middle of November to the middle of March is cold, but the air is dry and healthful and there are few sudden changes of temperature. The snowfall is not heavy and is so dry that it blows off the slopes of the hills so that cattle can pick up a living. Invigorating breezes temper the summer heats.

Fifth—The country is traversed by the great continental trunk line of the Northern Pacific, so that there is a direct outlet to eastern markets for produce. Settlers need not go far from the road to find lands that will suit them. A number of little towns have sprung up during the past year or two that afford the advantages of stores, mechanical shops, schools and churches. The settler is by no means in the wilderness when he can drive to a railroad station and post office and back in half a day.

The face of the country, we may further explain, is rolling prairie, diversified by many high, pyramidal buttes, grassed nearly to the top and crowned with caps of gray rock or red scoria. The Heart, Knife, Green, Sweet Brier and other small rivers and their tributaries water the region. There is no timber except along the streams, but fuel for domestic purposes

exists in abundance in the numerous veins of lignite coal which crop out from the sides of ravines so conveniently for mining that settlers can easily provide themselves with what they need. Spring opens in April and settlers will do well to go early to get a choice of good claims and put in sod crops.

THREE CLASSES OF CATTLE MEN.

The British who come to this country to go into cattle ranching in the West may be divided into three classes, viz: 1st. Those with no capital at all. 2d. Those with small capital. 3d. Those with large capital, either in cash or financial backing. The first class have, as a rule, not met with very great success, for in the cattle business, as elsewhere, it is hard to make something out of nothing, though instances are not wanting of men who commenced in the early days, and, from the product of their labor and skill alone, have become rich in the cattle business. The day for that has now passed, however, and the day is not far distant when only the third class may look for a reasonable chance of success in cattle raising on the plains.—*Sun River (Mon.) Sun*.

We differ from the above view of the future of the cattle business in Montana. Our forecast is that men with small capital and small herds will occupy the best ranges, securing title to the land, and crowding the big herds out on the inferior ranges, where streams are few and far between, and there is no meadow land or irrigable plow land.

THE Montana delegates to the St. Louis Cattle Convention wisely protested against the scheme for an open trail six miles wide, from Texas to the British line, reserved by act of Congress from the public lands. This project originated in Texas, where the great ranchmen see that it would be a good thing for them if they could drive their young cattle to the Montana bunch-grass ranges, to fatten and harden into first-class beef. Montana cattlemen naturally want their bunch grass for their own herds, and don't at all relish the scheme for an annual invasion of Texas cattle.

THE citizens of the Yellowstone Valley have taken the right course to defend their interests in protesting, by public meetings and signed petitions, against the consummation of the scheme for leasing the western portion of the Crow Indian Reservation to a Colorado cattle company. The principle always applied to reservations is that as soon as the Indians relinquish their occupancy they shall revert to the public domain and become the property of the people for pre-emption and homestead settlement. To permit an Indian tribe, under the manipulations of shrewd speculators, to lease a vast body of land for a long term of years would be an outrage. We want no feudal lord system in the West by which great areas of land are monopolized by a few privileged persons.

A GOOD story is told about Dakota wheat by E. C. Harvey, who is agent for the colony and town site company at Taylor in Stark County, Western Dakota. Stark and Morton counties joined Kidder County in making a display at the Chicago Exhibition, and Mr. Harvey went on with Stark's products. Among the samples of grain was one from a field where the crop ripened early and was threshed just before he started. One day a dignified and knowing-looking man stopped before the Dakota exhibit and began to examine the wheat critically. Looking at the sample labeled "No. 1 Hard—Crop of 1884, from Stark County," he bit one kernel after another, and finally said: "Look here, young man, do you mean to say this wheat was grown this year?" "Certainly, threshed just before I left home." "Humph! I've been in the grain business in Chicago for fifteen years. You can't tell me anything about wheat. Not a bushel of new No. 1 hard has come from Dakota to this city this year." "But I can get a dozen affidavits to prove that this sample is from the new crop," protested Mr. Harvey. The old gentleman looked at him in a pitying way, as though sorry to see so promising a Dakotan steeped in mendacity, and heaving an audible sigh, moved on without saying another word.

[WRITTEN FOR THE NORTHWEST.]

JIM GRAILS' GHOSTS.

A Story Told in a Cœur d'Alene Mining Camp.

BY HARRY P. ROBINSON.

"I hain't seen seerely a ghost now for nigh on to two weeks, Jack." That's what Jim said to me one day; and he was a miner, too, was Jim from 'way back. I say that 'cos miners, es a rule, ain't no great shakes at seein' ghosts. Yer see they spend most o' their nights lyin' out on the mountains or curlin' up in the woods, while ghosts mostly prefer to live in houses, as I understand 'em; and it ain't in reason as any ghost with a color o' sense to him would go all the way out to the Rockies to haunt a dugout or a shack as ain't bin bu't for a twelve-month. That's the real ghosts; an' as for imaginary ones and sech—well, arter a chap has been lyin' out in all weathers all his life an' listenin' to the strange noises as the wind an' the wild beasts between 'em make among the mountains an' in the pines, he ain't liable to go bein' frightened by any noises on airth nor to go imaginin' nawthin! Jim, indeed, was the only miner I ever knowed as did see ghosts. But wherever Jim Grails was, there ghosts was, as plenty as bluejays.

He was a quiet, hold-up-yer-cards-and-don't-bet till-its-your-turn kind of a chap, was Jim. And he had the claim next but one above me in California oncet, long in the fifties somewheres. Between us was a man called Ted—Missouri Ted—an' whether he ever had another name no one ever knowed. Both these boys, seein' as my cabin was a bit the largest an' most home like o' the three, used mostly to come and sit round my fire o' night. When they had nothin' else to do, an' as often as not, we would get to talkin' about Jim's ghosts. I was one night as we three were settin' there that Jim made the remark I quoted:

"I hain't seen seerely a ghost for nigh on to two weeks now, Jack," says he. We was both of us—I and Ted—surprised at this, 'cos when he was in trim he could usually see one to an eight-hour shift anyway. "Hardly a ghost," he went on, thinkin' to himself "for nigh on to two weeks; I wonder what's the cause of it," says he, just as if he didn't know whether it ought to be put down to his digestion or his lungs.

"Don't you," says Ted after a pause, with a sly look, (he was a very different kind o' fellow from Jim, always hurroarin' round, and ready for any devilment on the word "go.") "don't you ever see no ghosts in your tunnel, Jim?" for the ground was deep just where we was, and Jim, who had got bed-rock at about fourteen feet down, was driftin'—or "coyote-in'" we called it then—that is tunnelin' along on bedrock without comin' up to the surface at all. "Your tunnel would be just the place to see ghosts in, I should say," said Ted, "it's kinder dank and gloomsome-like, already for ghosts." Then arter a bit he says, "you haven't done no work on the left hand side o' your ditch, have you, Jim? it's all on the right hand, ain't it?"

"Yes," says Jim, "all on the right. I did do a bit o' prospecting on the left hand, but I've timbered up the openin' again and have been workin' on the other side right along since then. I shan't cross over till I've worked out the piece I'm in now, an' that'll be two months an' more I dare say." For Jim, bein' quiet and retirin' as I've said, never would have any hands to work for him. However rich his ground was, he'd just shovel away at it himself till he'd worked it all out with his own hands.

Well, I didn't think no more o' that conversation for a matter o' three weeks or so, an' we was all workin' right along, an' Jim an' Ted was doing well—makin' big pay, both on 'em, but I didn't seem to be able to git on to the streak nohow. It seemed queer to

me, too, how I could miss of it, when Ted had got it so rich just above me, 'cos the gulch was narrow and straight. Yet cross-cut it, or do what I would, I couldn't git no more'n a few fine colors to a pan.

How's ever, one day when the three weeks was about up, Jim came suddenly into my cabin, 'long toward evenin', and, "By the great Roarin' Mackinaw! Jack," says he, "they're come."

"What's come?" says I.

"The ghosts," says he, "in the tunnel."

"That so?" I asks, kinder carelessly, "When did they come, an' how many o' 'em are there?"

"There's bushels on 'em," says he, "I tell you, I've struck 'em rich this time. They've bin here some four or five days now, an' I'm glad they've come, too," says he, "for one thing. I never believed they did it before, but now I've heard 'em."

"Never believed they did what?" says I.

"Clank," says he, "other fellows' ghosts, them as one reads about or such, always carries chains about with 'em an' clanks 'em. Now, mine never did this before; and I've always wondered whether it was that mine weren't real eighteen-dollar-an-ounce ghosts, or whether it was that other fellows lied about theirs. But these ones clanks first-class—and groan, too."

"When did you first see them?" I asked.

"I hain't seen 'em," says he, "only the shadow of one."

"Do ghosts have shadows?" I asked.

"This one did, 'cos I seed it," said he. "Let's see, this is Saturday, well, it was last Tuesday night as I first heard 'em—kinder mutterin' an' rattlin' round. But I didn't say nothin' about it then 'cos I wanted to be more certain as it was ghosts. Now there ain't no doubt," says he, in a tone o' quiet satisfaction. "Last night I couldn't sleep, an' about midnight I thought I heard a noise down to the tunnel. So down I went, an' sure enough I heard 'em moving about quite plain. Wot's more, when I got to the mouth o' the tunnel I saw a light at the other end. Not a candle, you understand, or anythin' in that way, but just a faint light. It hardly seemed to come from any one spot, but to shine out from the walls all round—pale and bluish-like. Well, I thinks a minute and then started for it, an' then it was I seed the shadow (or it might have been a whole ghost) kinder move across the light an' seem to disappear into the solid ground on the opposite side o' the tunnel to what I'm driftin' on. Then the light disappeared an' all was dark an' silent till I came quite close to where the light was an' then it groaned. The groan sounded well down in the tunnel, too, I can tell you, an' seemed to come from all round me. Then it clanked. Just like a man knocking two picks together; that's what I thought at the time. But I'd so often read o' these chains, an' wanted to hear 'em for so long, that they couldn't fool me, an' I knew what it was the moment I heard it. So it went on—clank an' groan, clank an' groan—until I turned back an' went to bed again. They are there now, sure."

Missouri Ted came in soon after that, an' Jim told him all about it. Ted seemed quite interested, and said he'd thought there must be ghosts in such a reg'lar first-class tunnel for 'em as Jim's was. An' Jim got quite proud of his tunnel, till to hear him talk you'd 'a' thought as he'd made it on purpose for the accommodation of ghosts.

So some two months passed, an' 'most every night we used to ask Jim how his ghosts was comin' on, whether they panned out as well as they'd prospected, and so on, an' sometimes Jim had suthin' more to tell of 'em, an' sometimes he hadn't; but he always spoke of 'em as if he were proud of 'em, an' I really believe he would sooner have had the ghosts an' no gold in his claim, than gold an' no ghosts. Oncet or twice he took Ted and I up to see them; but somehow they was never performin' when we went up. We always seemed to strike 'em on an off-shift. At last one night Jim announced he had about worked the left hand side where he was, and in a day or two he'd be going over to the right. Ted,

I remember, seemed interested in this, and asked if he was quite sure he wouldn't be goin' over next day. "Quite," says Jim.

About three days after that Jim came down to my claim, up to where I was at work, along in the forenoon. He looked kinder scared, I thought; and "Jack," says he, "I want you to come up and look at my claim." Then he turns round and goes back without another word. Well, I dropped my pick, puts on my coat and followed him,—up the trail to his claim, across and down into the tunnel. He was sittin' on a pile of timbers at an openin' some eight or ten feet wide on the left hand side of the tunnel. He didn't say a word, but I looked in and saw a long drift running away on the side of his ground that he'd never worked. I went along that drift and down another, and, by the great Horn Spoon! if those ghosts hadn't worked out about two acres of placer mining ground, I'm an Irishman!

"Jim," says I, when I comes back to him, "those ghosts was good workers."

"Jack," says he, in a whisper, "don't never say a word about this to anyone, will you?" an' I never did till now.

He an' I never spoke of it again, but I guess we both got track of it at oncet. It was a strange coincidence that Missouri Ted had sold out his claim, paid off his men and quit the camp, the very day after Jim said he was goin' to cross over to the other side of his ground in a few days. Another strange thing was that the men as had been workin' for him all disappeared too. But the strangest thing of all was that hardly any work had been done on Ted's claim at all. It had just bin well prospected an' that was all, an' the parties that bought it abandoned it as worthless almost at once. If those parties had been anythin' better'n tenderfeet they'd have seen that all the earth which was dumped at the mouth of his tunnel couldn't never in the world have come out of what work he'd done in there. There was too much of it there by two acres; an' I guess that neither Jim nor I ever doubted as Ted an' his hands 'ad bin the ghosts all along. They just carried all the earth they could take out o' Jim's claim at night down into their own tunnel an' worked it out there durin' the day. But it putty nigh cured Jim o' seein' ghosts; an' as for clankin'—well, he wouldn't believe in a ghost that clanked to-day, not if you was to give him twenty pounds o' dust to do it.

BIG VEGETABLES.—Wm. P. Ismond caps the climax this week in the turnip business, and A. L. Beggs comes equally to the front with the bonanza blood beet of the season. Mr. Ismond presented us with four flat turnips weighing in all 128 pounds, the largest one weighing forty-seven pounds. Mr. Beggs' beet weighed eighteen pounds. These samples can be seen at this office for the next ten days, then they will be shipped with other samples to the World's Exposition at New Orleans.—*Port Enma (Dakota) Times.*

PROFITS OF SHEEP HUSBANDRY.—The Boyd Bros., five miles south of Menoken, have 540 head of sheep, mostly merinos. These gentlemen came from Ohio, the great wool State, two years ago and they state that sheep husbandry will be fully as profitable in this region as in Ohio. Their flock has wintered well both winters, the percentage of loss being less than in Ohio because of the dryness of the atmosphere. Comfortable sheds have been provided, and Mr. Boyd says he fed his sheep a less number of days in this country during winter than in Ohio. In that State, feeding usually begins about the middle of November, while here he began the 16th of December and quit the 26th of March. The sheep gained rapidly from the time they began feeding in the spring, which is not always the case East. Boyd's sheep sheared on an average nine pounds of wool to the head, which netted sixteen cents per pound. The percentage of increase is also above that in the East, which is seldom over seventy-five per cent. Boyd had 147 lambs from 116 ewes. Certainly money cannot be made faster in any country than in Dakota, by those who go into stock-raising on a moderate scale. It will pay 100 per cent more than grain, and it is only a question of time when the farmers will see this.—*Bismarck Tribune.*

PERSONAL NOTES.

A MONUMENT is to be erected to the memory of Father Ravalli, the Good Samaritan priest and physician to the Indians, who died recently at the St. Marys Mission, in the Bitter Root Valley, Montana.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR has appointed De Witt Clinton Wheeler, of New York, R. B. Langdon, of Minneapolis, and Alexander McDonald, of New York, a committee to examine and report upon the thirty-seven miles of the Cascade Branch of the Northern Pacific Railroad in Washington Territory just completed in the Yakima Valley.

ALEXANDER MCKENZIE, of Bismarck, has gone to the New Orleans Exposition with thirteen car loads of exhibits from Dakota, seven of which are from the northern part of the Territory. The old order of things will be represented by a family of Sioux Indians, with their arms and tepees, and the new by no end of splendid grain and big vegetables.

LOUIS EPPINGER, the famous restaurateur of Portland, Oregon, who was recently burned out in the Esmond Hotel, and has weathered all sorts of bad luck since the glorious dinners he gave to the members of the Northern Pacific opening excursion last year, has opened the Gilman House, in the same city, and is maintaining his old reputation of the best caterer on the Pacific Coast.

PARMLY BILLINGS, son of the Hon. Frederick Billings, of New York, has an interest in the horse ranches of Seligman, Bailey & Co., and in the Stuart-Cors Cattle Company, whose stock range near Fort Maginnis, Montana. The latter company owns 15,000 cattle, and shipped 1,200 head this season. Mr. Billings, who was in St. Paul lately on his way East, says there is still a good deal of unoccupied range near the Judith Mountains. He reports a prosperous season for the stockmen of that region.

A BANQUET was given November 8, at the Metropolitan Hotel, St. Paul, in honor of Gen. Sibley, and to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of his arrival in what is now the State of Minnesota. The guests were nearly all old Minnesota pioneers. It is difficult to realize that the two beautiful cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis, the hundreds of thriving towns, the thousands of miles of railroads, and the great areas of well-peopled farming country which now are comprised within the limits of this State, have all come into existence during the half century since Gen. Sibley landed at the frontier post of Mendota. No part of the Northwest has had a more marvelous or a more substantial growth than Minnesota.

GOV. PIERCE is superintending the compilation of the matter for a descriptive pamphlet of Dakota's wealth, present and prospective, for free distribution at the New Orleans Exposition. It will be a valuable contribution to the immigration literature of the Territory, and will be accurate and conservative in its statements. The counties will all be represented in the reading matter, and a map of the Territory will accompany each copy. This map will show what land is occupied and unoccupied. It will prominently show the United States land districts, with a marginal paragraph from each register, reciting the salient facts as to the government lands. A glance at this map will disclose the whereabouts of the free lands, the towns where the United States land offices are kept, and the lines of railroad reaching them.

A FRIEND of ex-Gov. Crosby, of Montana, relates the following romantic episode in his career. When he was a young man he made a voyage on a clipper ship from San Francisco to China. The captain's wife was on board and during the long voyage a

cordial liking grew between the couple and the young traveler. One evening, when the vessel was nearing her destination, the captain told Crosby that his calling was a perilous one and that he feared that if his death should occur his wife might be sadly in need of friends. He asked Crosby to promise in that event to befriend her. The young man freely made the promise, and in order that it might not be forgotten the captain tattooed the mark of a heart on his arm and also on that of the lady. Many years elapsed and Crosby heard nothing of his companions of the China voyage. Finally, when in San Francisco again for the first time last summer, he inquired among some of the old merchants and learned that the captain was long since dead and that his widow, son and daughter were living in Washington Territory. He telegraphed them to meet him in Portland, and had the satisfaction of being able to be of some substantial service to them. The Governor still carries the mark on his arm, and the narrator of this incident compared it with that on the lady's arm at a dinner table in Portland when the reunion of the old friends was celebrated over a bottle of champagne.

NORTHWESTERN JOURNALISTIC NOTES.

A WEEKLY paper will soon appear in Gladstone, Dakota.

A NEW weekly paper, called the *Rustler*, has been started in Billings, Montana.

THE Livingston (Mont.) *Enterprise* now appears only as a weekly, the publishers having suspended the daily until times improve.

THE name of the Dayton (Wash. Ter.) *Journal* has been changed to the *Inlander*, which, if we are not mistaken, is a new invention in the field of newspaper nomenclature.

THE new town of Minnewaukan, at the west end of Devil's Lake, has a bright and active advocate in its weekly newspaper, the *Dakota Siftings*, which is always one of the most readable of our exchanges.

PROBABLY there are not yet journalists enough in St. Paul to support a press club, but an occasional press dinner would be a good thing to make them acquainted with each other and cultivate a fraternal feeling.

THE Heppner *Gazette*, whose humorous articles we often copy, has an original genius for its editor who is evidently destined to occupy a larger field in journalism than the bunch-grass sheep pastures of Eastern Oregon.

THE Sun River *Sun*, published away up in the great cattle ranges north of the Missouri River, in Montana, is evidently published on the principle of gaining support by thoroughly deserving it. Its twelve large pages show careful editing.

THE Mandan (Dak.) *Pioneer* regards itself as the only daily west of St. Paul published in a town of Mandan's population. We may add that it is a notably bright paper and is doing excellent work in aiding the development of the trans-Missouri country.

THE Yakima (Wash. Ter.) *Farmer* is going to get out a boom edition the day the railroad reaches that town. It announces the fact in an article capped by the following head lines: Yakima's Boom.—Let the Chaste Virgins Prepare Well Trimmed Lamps to Gladly Rejoice at Our Marriage at the Altar of Commerce.—Behold the Bridegroom Cometh.

It would be a great advantage to the St. Paul evening papers if the street cars were better lighted. Many people would buy the *Day* or the *Dispatch* to read on the way home, if reading in the dim obscurity of these vehicles were possible. A chief function of evening papers in large cities is to enable people to kill time pleasantly during the long street-car rides.

OUR LETTER BOX.

A Mild Climate Wanted.

BANGOR, ME., Nov. 5, 1884.

To the Editor of The Northwest:

I am highly pleased with your descriptions of the Northwest, and would like to know the best location in regard to market, soil and climate. Also, as my wife is an invalid, and is anxious to find a mild, even climate, where would you recommend me to go. Please give me the desired information in your next issue and oblige,
H. B. CALL.

Southern Oregon will suit you. The climate resembles that of Nice on the Mediterranean. It is an excellent country for raising fruit. The valleys produce all kinds of grain. Stock-raising and wool-growing are also profitable pursuits.

Chance for a Portable Saw Mill.

DELAWARE MINE, MICH., Nov. 16, 1884.

To the Editor of The Northwest:

Being a subscriber to your paper, I take the liberty of asking your opinion on what chance there would be, next spring, for a portable saw mill in or near any of the towns along the Northern Pacific Railroad or branches. By answering the above question, you will oblige, respectfully,
A. H. TAYLOR.

You will probably find such an opportunity you seek in the upper Yakima Valley, Washington Territory. The Cascade Branch of the N. P. is now building up the valley, and there are copper, silver and coal mines being opened, which will bring in population and make a demand for lumber.

Wheat and Flour.

MINNEAPOLIS, October 30.

To the Editor of The Northwest:

In your November issue you say: "The Minneapolis flour mills are running to their full capacity. Their owners are evidently happier than the farmers whose wheat they are grinding. Flour has fallen only about twenty per cent, but wheat is about forty per cent below last year's prices." Suppose we say that 4½ bushels of wheat makes a barrel of flour. This cost the miller a year ago \$4.50. Now it costs him at the present price of No. 1 hard, \$3.24. This is \$1.26 per barrel in favor of this year. A year ago patent flour was selling at \$6.25. Now it is worth only \$4.75. This shows that the farmer loses \$1.24 on the wheat required for each barrel of flour, while the miller loses \$1.50 per barrel, as compared with last year's prices. Again, the farmers did their heaviest marketing this fall, while No. 1 hard was above 80 cents per bushel, the present price, 72 cents, being exceptionally low. Are you not wrong?
G. P. W.

The comparison quoted by our correspondent was made by a farmer who lives in Northern Minnesota, and who took for a basis the best of the patent flour he buys at retail and the price he gets for his wheat. Probably and twenty thirty per cent would be pretty near the fact.

A Creamery in North Dakota.

CRYSTAL SPRINGS, KIDDER CO., DAKOTA,
Nov. 23, 1884.

To the Editor of The Northwest:

Crystal Springs, a new town on the Northern Pacific, thirty-four miles west of Jamestown and sixty-three miles east of Bismarck, is about to add an important enterprise. A few gentlemen in that vicinity are about to organize a joint stock company, and will be known as the North Dakota Stock and Creamery Company. The company propose to purchase 300 or more milch cows, build a creamery and cheese factory combined on one of the beautiful springs of which this place gets its name. There is no better section on the line of the Northern Pacific, there being several beautiful lakes of good quality, and range cannot be beaten. Plenty of hay can be cut in vicinity. Root crops grow in abundance, with very little care. The company will offer shares for sale at the rate of one 100 cents on the dollar; capital stock, \$15,000.
Address all inquiries to

NORTH DAKOTA STOCK & CREAMERY CO.,
Crystal Springs, Kidder Co., D. T.

TOPICS IN TWO CITIES.

A WELL-KNOWN Cincinnati artist, who recently spent a day in Minneapolis, said that the most picturesque building in the city was the old market house, near the suspension bridge, which appeared to have been transported bodily from some Spanish or Italian city.

AN important scheme for the improvement of the lands around Lake Como, in the northern suburbs of St. Paul, is on foot. The plan includes a hotel, a driving track and a boulevard road around the lake. The new suburb will be on the line of the St. Paul & Northern Pacific Railroad to be opened soon between St. Paul and Minneapolis, and will also be accessible by a pleasant half hour's drive from St. Paul. The beauty of the neighborhood and its nearness to the city will make it a very desirable place for suburban residences.

THE mills of Minneapolis are running night and day, to their fullest capacity. The secret of their prosperity is an open one. No wheat in the world makes as good flour as the No. 1 hard grown on the prairies of Northern Minnesota and Dakota, and the natural laws of trade cause this wheat to pour into the mills of the greatest flouring city on the globe. The highest capacity of the Minneapolis flour mills has heretofore been put at 25,000 barrels a day, but for the past six weeks they have been turning out from 26,000 to 27,000 barrels every twenty-four hours. Minneapolis flour, we might add, is recognized all over the world as absolutely unsurpassed for quality.

THE walls of the new club house in St. Paul begin to show above the foundations at the corner of Minnesota and Fourth Streets, and the structure promises to be an ornament to the city. It was a wise determination on the part of the managers to put the building far enough down town to make it available for a noon-day lunch resort for its members. This will probably be its chief use for a time. The city is not large enough yet, and not old enough to have developed a class of club men proper, who have their time mainly on their hands, and can enjoy the facilities for lounging, reading and quiet little dinner parties which a good club house affords. Everybody is energetically engaged in business, and business hours are longer than in the East, so that when the working day is over most men are happy to be able to get into their slippers and an easy chair, and spend their evenings resting at home.

MINNEAPOLIS is happy over the opening, on November 8, of the first section of the Minneapolis, Sault Ste. Marie & Atlantic Railway, which strikes west from Turtle Lake on the West Wisconsin toward Sault Ste. Marie. The completed section is forty-six miles long and has been built and equipped exclusively by Minneapolis capital. When the road is finished it will afford a direct line from Minneapolis to Sault Ste. Marie and a connection at the latter place with the Grand Trunk system of Canada. Minneapolis will then be 125 miles nearer New York, Boston and Portland than at present, and as near the steamship port of Montreal as Chicago is to New York. This will of course be an important achievement, but we hardly think any great portion of the flour and grain of the Northwest will ever go to Europe by way of the Canadian ports, ice-bound as they are for a considerable part of the year.

ABOUT two miles from the University in Minneapolis, in the direction of St. Paul, is a high wooded hill, on the summit of which some public-spirited person has erected a wooden tower for an observatory. From the upper platform of this tower there is a view worth going many miles to see, embracing both the neighboring cities and the whole country between, the gorge through which flows the Mississippi, the lakes west of Minneapolis, numerous lines

of railroad with their moving trains, and vast sweeps of rolling country diversified with alternate groves and meadows. Minneapolis lies all spread out in the near distance on one hand, but of St. Paul only the western suburbs are seen. The point of view is an excellent one for studying the relations of the two cities to each other and the question of their future contact. Thus it has special charms for the real estate speculator, as well as to the admirer of beautiful landscapes.

AT the Presidential election the vote of Minneapolis was 20,218 and the vote of St. Paul, 14,520. The preponderance of the vote of the former city, would, other things being equal, entitle it to claim a population 25,000 greater than that of its neighbor. But there was a spirited local contest over congressmen in Minneapolis, which brought out a heavy vote, while in St. Paul the campaign was a languid one. The *Pioneer Press*, which has a foot in each city, and tries to treat both with fairness, discusses the question of their relative size from the figures of the school enrollment, and finds that taking the children in public and denominational schools, Minneapolis has 13,230 in attendance and St. Paul, 11,792. The greater number in the former city, the *Pioneer Press* accounts for by the superior school facilities there, Minneapolis having twenty-eight public school buildings and St. Paul only eighteen. When the new school edifices now under construction in St. Paul are completed, the number of children attending school will probably not vary much in the two sections of the great dual metropolis of the Northwest.

A NEW BRANDING SCHEME.

Dr. Moore, chancellor of the Denver University, thinks there should be some improvement on the branding system now in use. He has just returned from his cattle ranch in Wyoming—brown and rugged as a typical cowboy, and has assisted in branding 8,600 head of cattle. He knows it is hard work for the men and cruelty to the cattle. He says: "I am going to turn the chemistry department of this institution loose to find out what can take the place of branding." It will be strange if the result will not be the discovery of something that will remove the hair from the hide of an animal, in some desired shape and spot, which will answer every purpose fully as well as the branding iron now does, and perhaps be an improvement, as a mark by which to recognize stock. Some such things would be not only a convenience to cattlemen, but a profit as well. It is estimated—at least an item is passing around through the papers to that effect—that the damage to hides from brands amounts to not less than \$1,000,000 per year. The use of some chemical in the place of the branding iron, which is altogether practicable, may be a saving of importance in the way of improved hides and consequently profits.—*Denver Tribune-Republican*.

RED-HEADED MAN WANTED.

Red-headed young men who have despaired need despair no more. At last they have the opportunity to get a good wife if they themselves possess the right qualities. Hattie C. Cummings, of Dixie, W. T., has addressed the following to the *Waitsburg Times*: "I want a man of the following description: Red hair, blue eyes, one that has pride enough to dress good, but not above his means. He must be a tall or short, thick or heavy set man; small feet; one that don't wear fine shirts much. He must be good featured, of light complexion, and one who is not afraid to cut too much wood for his cook. I don't want one that will go to sleep while at work. I want one that likes to hoe potatoes, work in the garden, and won't play baseball. If there is any of this description, please answer through the *Waitsburg Times*. No dainty store clerks need apply."

"Oh, I do so dote on the sea," she gurgled, "if you only had a yacht, Augustus dear." "I have no yacht, Wilhelmina," he sighed, "but I can give you a little smack." And then it sounded as if a cork had flown out of a bottle.

A LADY'S LIFE IN MANITOBA.

A friend in New York sends us a copy of a recent issue of the English magazine called *All the Year Round*, containing an article entitled "A Lady's Life in Manitoba," from which we make below a few interesting extracts on the climate of the new region which the Canadian Pacific Railroad has opened to settlement. Our friend's comment on the article is that it is surprising people can be persuaded to go to so bleak a country when there are just as rich and just as cheap lands awaiting occupancy 300 or 400 miles south in Dakota. Our own opinion of Manitoba is that it is a region which will one day be tolerably well peopled in spite of its long and rigorous winters, but that it can offer no substantial inducements to offset its disadvantages to immigrants as long as homestead land and cheap railroad land can be had in the much better latitudes of Dakota. This much by way of introduction to the entertaining extracts which follow:

My home is a log house, consisting of three rooms. We are about sixty miles from Winnipeg, and eighteen miles from the nearest railway station. In winter, however—i. e., for six months of the year—the snow closes our shorter road, and we can only travel along a trail, which is kept open by a more constant traffic; this makes the journey to the station six miles longer, or twenty-four miles in all. The nearest store is fifteen miles away, but it seldom contains what I want, and the next nearest store is at the railway station. Our nearest town is Portage La Prairie, but it lies farther west, and for practical purposes Winnipeg is where we have to go to buy an axe or to see a doctor. There is no Protestant church within thirty-five miles of our house—but we occasionally visit a Roman Catholic mission station about fifteen miles away, on the shore of Lake Manitoba.

All the country between us and Winnipeg is flat and not at all picturesque, though by going as far west as Brandon, you come to "rolling" prairie. In early summer the ground is carpeted with the loveliest wild flowers. We are fortunate in having land which is nicely timbered. It not only gives us a pleasanter prospect than the dreadful monotony of a treeless flat, but it also entirely supplies us with firing. This is a great consideration in a country where wood is often expensive to buy, though the climate makes it a prime necessity of life.

This brings me to speak about my experience of the climate of Manitoba. The variations of temperature are very great. I have seen the thermometer stand at 125 degrees inside a tent in summer, and at fifty-eight degrees below zero, or ninety degrees below freezing point, outside the house in winter. Though such figures are hardly touched once a year, yet they serve to indicate an extraordinary range of temperature. Such arctic cold would be unendurable if the air were not so wonderfully dry and clear—and often very still—that it does not seem half as cold as it really is. I may mention one curious instance of this: Though I always suffered terribly from chilblains in the old country, I have never felt the least symptom of one in Manitoba. Then the changes of weather are not generally very sudden; the heat and cold are fairly regular, and in mid-seasons the thermometer does not fluctuate much. Still, it is not easy for English lady readers to imagine the conditions of living in such a climate.

Perhaps a few homely details may best serve to illustrate what winter in Manitoba means. The snow outside our house was from six to ten feet deep, from November to April. Traveling on wheels is, of course, out of the question, and we always used a sleigh. The snow gets caked and frozen hard and smooth along the trails, and even if, as sometimes happens, the horse sinks, and you upset, still a clean snowdrift is better than mud to fall on. I tried to wear boots last November, and one of my feet froze. Moccasins, made by Indians of moose skin, are used instead of shoes to cover the feet, which are first cased in several pairs of stockings. For traveling on foot snow-shoes are best. These, too, are of Indian make. They are generally flat frames of thin wood—from two to six feet long—pointed in front and rear, and filled up with interlaced deer sinew. The moccasin foot of the wearer is tied on in the middle of the snow-shoe, and after a little practice it is easy, so equipped, to walk five miles an hour across the snow. There is a snow-shoeing club in Winnipeg, where the art is taught and practiced. Mitts supersede gloves during the winter, as if the fingers are separated they generally freeze.

We were forced to melt snow for all the water we used last winter. The cold was so intense that when melted snow water was poured from the boiler into a pail, and taken at once across to the stable, the ice

on it frequently had to be broken with a stick before the cattle could drink; it froze so hard whilst being carried a distance of some sixty yards in the open air. My husband would sometimes come in from a short visit to the stockyard with his nose frozen; indeed, it is rather a common sight to see people partly frozen. The part affected turns as white as marble, and loses all feeling. Unless you see yourself in a glass, or are told of it, you are not conscious of being frozen. In this plight it is best not to go near a fire, as sudden thawing is very painful. People generally try friction, rubbing themselves with snow, or better still, with paraffin oil. Occasionally, when one is frozen and far from help, the part frozen, if an extremity, will snap off. Last year a man living about thirty miles from us was told that his ear was frozen; he put up his hand to feel, and the ear dropped off in his hand. Limbs sometimes have to be amputated from severe frostbites. My kitten's ears froze and broke off last winter, and a neighbor's pony lost its ears in the same way.

I was surprised when I first found the mustard freeze in my mustard-pot, which stood a foot from the kitchen stovepipe, and two feet above the stove, where there was a blazing fire all day and every day through the winter. Yet the mustard froze between every meal. Bread froze if left for half an hour in a room without a fire. I once left a pitcher full of milk in the kitchen all night, and next morning on trying to move it the pitcher fell to pieces, and left the milk standing solid in its place. We could buy frozen milk by the pound, frozen so intensely, that when I put a lump of it in a tin into the oven, or on the top of the stove, the first part that melted would burn to the tin before the rest of it had thawed. I managed to melt it by first chopping the ice milk into very small pieces. Clothes which had been washed froze before I could hang them on the line to dry. I used to leave them out two or three nights for the snow and frost to bleach, and they always needed thawing and drying again when they were brought indoors. Even after being dampened and folded they would freeze together; and when I have been ironing the top of a pocket handkerchief, the lower part would freeze on to the table, which was close by a roaring wood fire. Ironing under these conditions is rather slow work.

Such stories must sound almost incredible except to those who, like myself, have witnessed the facts, though, of course, only in the most severe weather. A bearded Englishman, who stayed with us last winter, was often forced, when he came indoors, to thaw the icicles from his moustache, which froze to his beard, and hindered him from talking to us. A pail of water left in the kitchen all night would freeze solid to the bottom before morning. This happened every time one was left, for two months. It is disappointing to lovers of skating that the outdoor ice is completely spoiled by snow, which begins to fall as soon as the hard frost sets in. Though I lived within easy reach of Lake Manitoba, which is 130 miles long, and was frozen hard for six months last season, I never once had my skates on. There are several covered rinks in Winnipeg, which are flooded, and so renewed every night.

In such a climate everyone who can afford it is dressed in fur. Seal, beaver and otter skins are most fashionable. Ordinary people are content with bear, raccoon or buffalo. The Winnipeg policemen all dress in buffalo coats down to their heels in winter, and almost every house contains at least one buffalo robe or rug. These cost from two to five pounds each, and are used for camp bedding and driving wraps. The keenest wind cannot pierce them.

Winter is, of course, not equally severe throughout. Part of my description applies only to its colder half. But to a woman the most trying part of a winter in Manitoba is not its severity—for you live in a warm house—but its length. Snow lay on the ground last season for six months and a half, and the great lakes were frozen for the same period. This sounds almost unbearably tedious to English ears; and one's eyes grow very weary of the bare, blank whiteness, and long for something green to look at; yet the bright, clean, still frosts, with brilliant sunshine, glorious skies, and moonlit, aurora-colored nights, have great compensations of their own. A blizzard—i. e., a strong, keen, bone-piercing storm of wind with more or less snow—keeps every one indoors until its rather rare visit is over. But in spite of every inconvenience, outdoors and indoors, of the winter time, I say deliberately that I would rather pass three winters on the prairie in Manitoba than one summer.

During the three summer months the scorching heat and occasional parching winds might be borne, were it not for the terrible plague of mosquitoes which infests the whole province—bad in towns, but unspeakable on the prairie. I have sometimes been driving in the cool of a summer's evening—and the evenings and nights of the hottest days are always deliciously cool—when I could not see my pony's head through the dense cloud of mosquitoes which at

sundown emerge from the shade where they take refuge all day, and almost darken the air. They are rather smaller editions of our common gnat, but the irritation produced by their stings is sometimes past endurance. I do not wonder that Mr. Archibald Forbes speaks of mosquitoes on the Danube, "whose size and viciousness are only to be found equaled in Manitoba." The implied tribute to our northwestern insect is thoroughly deserved.

I have tried most of the recommended remedies without finding anything even to alleviate the misery caused by these pests. A mixture of castor-oil and tar smeared over the body is said to be the only sure preventive. This remedy seems as bad as the disease, and I have not tested it yet, but the consciousness of a hundred separate stings on one hand, and of a face swollen to double its usual size, is enough to make one glad to try any prescription whatsoever.

The first frost kills all the mosquitoes, sand-flies, etc., wholesale, and brings in six weeks' Indian summer—the loveliest weather imaginable, fit for the valley of Avignon or the lotus-eater's paradise—when one's chief desire is to live constantly out-of-doors. Heavy rains fall in September, but when the grass dries again, and before the snow covers it, prairie fires light the country round. If a man throws down the match which has lit his pipe, he may start a blaze which will run along the ground for miles. From our home I have counted seven different fires round the horizon at once. The first snow stops them all for six months till the spring thaw. Then, when the dead grass of the last autumn has dried in the sun, they are as numerous as ever. Great care is needed to keep safe the houses, which are built all of wood, and thatched with reed or shingles, and in that dry atmosphere very easily catch fire. The best precaution is to choose a still, dry day, and yourself to burn slowly and carefully a broad belt of dry grass all round your homestead; this leaves nothing for succeeding fires to catch, and they cannot cross it.

A DAKOTA PRAIRIE FIRE.

An extensive and destructive prairie fire occurred recently in the vicinity of Forman, in Sargent County, Dakota. The *Chronicle* gives a graphic description with diagrams. We copy the following from its account: "Last Sunday evening, as the sun was sinking in the western horizon, a fire was noticed encircling this place, and at no greater distance than twenty miles to the north and west. The scene that immediately followed was too horrible to be thought lightly of. The whole heavens seemed as one mass of seething, hissing fire. The roar that accompanied the flames as they darted upward was enough to startle the pioneer and completely shatter the bold and fearless tenderfoot. The dense cloud of smoke that hovered above the fire sent huge coils upward that, as the flare of the flames showed against them, pictured to the beholders standing below and shivering with fear, grimacing demons as they flitted about in their aerial home in the skies.

"A cry was raised and in a few minutes the citizens had turned out en masse with wet bags and coal oil torches and going to the north and northwest limits of the town along the wagon trail leading west, immediately plied the torches. The grass went off like powder, burning a back-fire twenty feet wide in an instant, reaching nearly a half mile. Then to meet the creeping flames approaching from the north, a double back-fire was started by the torchmen, and had just been completed when the roar of the flames was heard ascending the hill—only in a moment to flash in the tall grass and meet the back-fire with the swish peculiar to the concussion following the discharge of a cannon. The fire to the west was then about two miles distant, but nearing at the rate of about eighteen miles an hour, and when the north fire had been safely met all hands went to the southwest trail, running to about twenty yards north of the new school house, and started a back-fire on the north side of the trail, and then bringing the fire over the trail, it was let to burn around the south side of the school house, being watched by eight or ten to prevent the fire spreading to the building. At one time it seemed as though the blaze would get the best of them, but the wet sacks were applied and the flames subdued. Other parties were sent in different directions and succeeded in checking the fire. The damage done, however, was estimated at \$10,000."

Books About The Northwest.

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It is a dignified and reasonable record of a great enterprise successfully carried to completion. Mr. Smalley sees clearly and writes delightfully. Readers of his recent articles in the *Century Magazine* are aware that he is thoroughly familiar with the Northwest, and moreover, that he does not know how to be uninteresting. The work will be standard authority and have permanent value. Few handsomer volumes, by the way, have been produced by American bookmakers.—*New York Sun*.

It is one of the most fascinating and noteworthy volumes of the year, and reads like a romance, but furnishes more reliable and interesting information about the strangely wonderful country than any other publication.—*Hartford Post*.

Guide to the Northern Pacific Railroad and Its Allied Lines.

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PORTLAND—HOW IT WAS NAMED.

Thos. W. Bicknell, editor of the *New England Journal of Education*, has been making a tour of the Pacific Coast, and, in one of his letters to his paper, writes:

Portland is worthy of a long letter, but must be passed with a few facts. Its history is quite remarkable for a city which has not seen its semi-centennial, and fifteen years ago had less than 1,000 inhabitants. The tax book shows a total valuation of \$30,000,000, representing, probably, \$50,000,000 of property, which, with a population of 25,000, allows a per capita wealth of \$2,000, a remarkable resultant for the enterprise and general thrift of this young metropolis of the Northwest. Prosperity is everywhere evident; in the substantial warehouses on the streets flanking the west bank of the Willamette; in the air of comfort and luxury about and within the homes of the people; in the pleasing architecture and excellent designs of the school edifices, which are the best evidences of a people's intelligence and good taste; and in the busy industries which have made this city the queen of the Garden Valley, over which she presides with something of Nature's royalty. It was our pleasure to be escorted about the city by three of her prominent teachers, and the delightful experiences of that trip in our survey of river, valley and mountain scenery, "of orchards and meadows and deep-tangled wild-wood," will not soon be forgotten. Beautiful for situation is the city which is set in the midst of Mount Hood, Mount Adams, Mount St. Helens, and Mount Tacoma, whose snowy peaks, with their everlasting ice rivers, rise to heights ranging from 11,500 to 14,000 feet above the sea level, and whose sides are furrowed with these icy plow-shares within 4,000 feet of the fertile plains at their bases. At Port Townsend, W. T., we had the good fortune to meet one of the two pioneers who built the first log house on the site of Portland, and who named the future town. Mr. Pettigrove is now seventy years old, and has been engaged in Western town planting all his life, his last act being the location of Port Townsend, his present residence. The two original settlers of Portland were from New England: one from Maine, the other from Massachusetts. The former proposed to call the spot Portland, from the metropolis of his native State. The latter, proud of "the Hub," preferred to call the new town Boston. Here was a question to be settled, of great importance to the future of this non-existent city. Boston or Portland—which? The house was divided. One vote for Boston; one for Portland. The scattering votes were too widely scattered to be counted. Excitement over the name waxed high, and debate was warm. Arguments were piled high on either side in favor of Boston or Portland, and there was no court, no arbiter, no council, no commission, to decide the vexed question. At last a bright idea was born of the Boston brain. "Let's toss up a cent, and heads I win for the 'Hub.'" "Agreed," said the Portland advocate, and up in the air went the ancient copper only to turn its headless side three times in favor of the Maine winner; and Portland of the West it was, it is, and shall be.

ON LOWER PUGET SOUND.

By the courtesy of the publishers of *Harpers' Weekly*, we are enabled to reproduce a few of the pictures of Puget Sound scenery sketched by their special artist, Charles Graham. The largest picture is an excellent representation of Mount Baker, as seen from the southern point of Vancouver's Island. Describing the view, Mr. Graham writes:

"Thirty-five miles inland to the eastward, but seeming to rise from the sea, towered Mount Baker, piercing the purple haze that

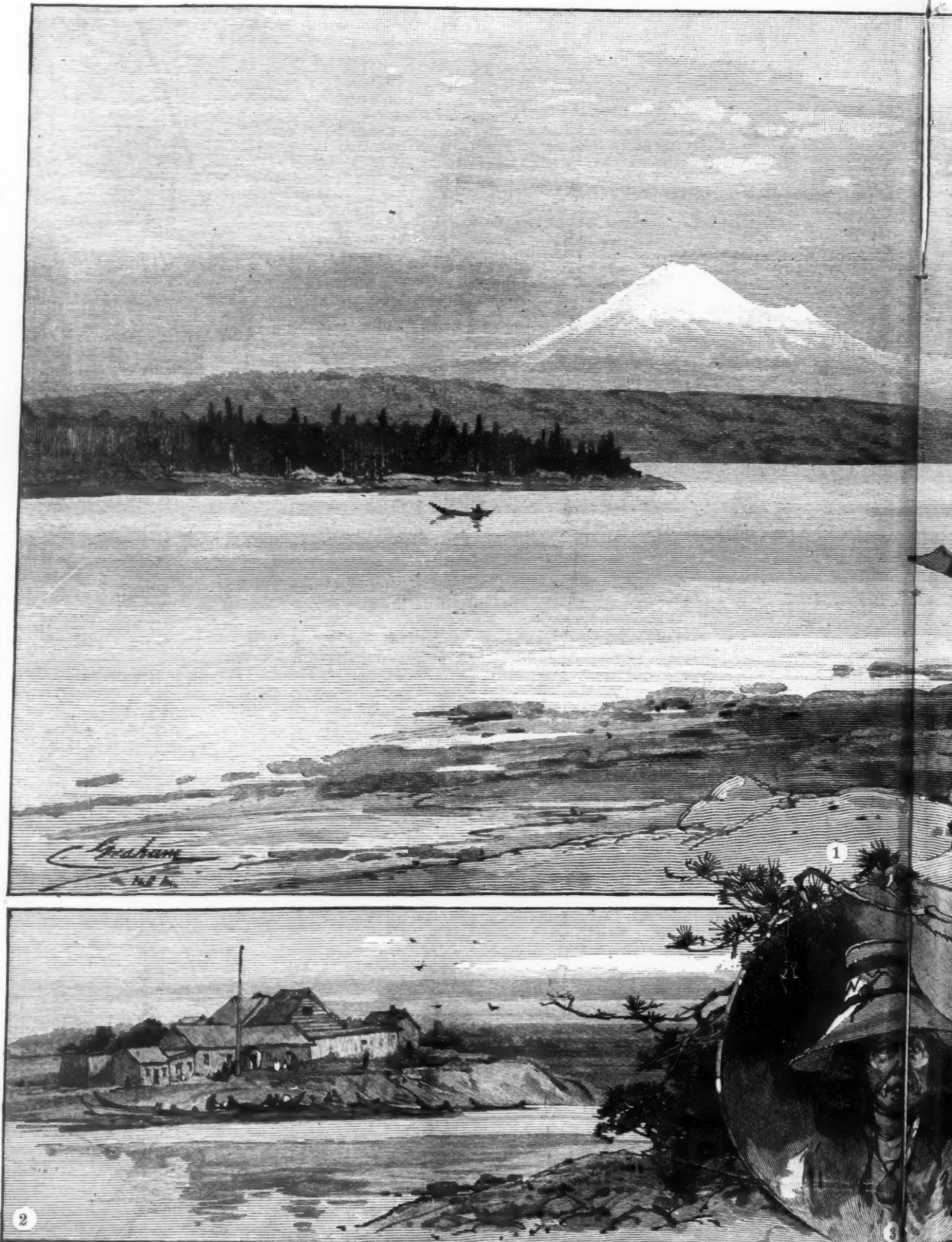
blotted out its foot hills, and lifting its snow-crowned pinnacles 11,000 feet into the clear upper atmosphere. Objects of interest to our artist nearer at hand were parties of coast Indians fishing for salmon from queer-looking canoes or dug-outs with primitive hooks made of fat pine splinters and bone. The canoes are very long and heavy, each being hollowed with infinite labor from a single tree. The outside is painted black, and the interior a bright vermilion, while the high beak or prow is ornamented with rude devices traced in the same vivid color."

Mount Baker is an extinct volcano. It was named by the English explorer, Captain Vancouver, after one of his lieutenants. Vancouver complimented a number of his officers in a like manner.

HOW BUFFALOES ARE SLAUGHTERED.

Glendive (Montana) Correspondence New York Sun.

People living near here were surprised the other day by hearing a loud tramping, and through the clouds of dust kicked up they discovered a herd of buffaloes making at a mad pace for the river. The animals appeared to be well-nigh run down, but many of them were furious. As they came to the bank of the Yellowstone they plunged in pell mell one on top of the other, and for a time it looked as though many of them would be killed, but nearly all got out uninjured. They had hardly reached the other side when a yelling, swearing crowd of white men and Indians came up on foam-covered horses. They paused here long enough to get refreshment, and then resumed the chase.



VIEWS ON LOWER PUGET SOUND.—1. MOUNT BAKER, FROM VANCOUVER'S ISLAND. 2. SA...

ED.

day by of dust ing at a ell-nigh ey came ell mell though out un- when a s came enough

There were 400 or 500 buffaloes in the herd, and they were making for British America as fast as their legs would carry them. From the hunters it was learned that the hunt began down in Dakota, on the Cannon Ball River, where not less than 5,000 of the animals were found grazing. A few of the men had followed them the entire distance, but although the party that passed here numbered only thirty, its members estimated that from first to last 300 or 400 men had taken part in the slaughter. Some of the men who started out with the original party had remained behind at various points to secure the hides, and others, who only joined in for the sport, had dropped out after satisfying themselves with the chase. The rapidity with which these magnificent animals are slaughtered is shown by the fact that the hunters passing through here said they would have the hides of

the remnant of the herd before reaching the boundary line.

A WELL TILLED FARM.

E. Stauffer was in the city Friday from his farm near Spiritwood Lake, and gave a *Capital* reporter some of the results of his season's work. He and his brother run a small farm in partnership. They do not believe in cultivating more ground than they can attend to well. Their experience is worth relating, as it will show others that a large farm is not necessary to success in Dakota.

Off one-eighth of an acre they raised from the seed 100 bushels of onions, large, well ripened and in excellent condition for winter-keeping. Mr. Stauffer gave us a pointer

on onion-growing which he recommended us to publish. Onions, he says, want to grow on top of the ground or they won't ripen properly, but run too much to tops; do not hoe the dirt over them but away from them so that the tuber sits on the ground. To give the ground a coating of ashes from burned straw is a benefit to the crop.

Other products of Stauffer Brothers' farm this year were 3,000 celery plants which sell rapidly at 20 cents each; 50 bushels of carrots; 100 bushels of red beets; 20 bushels of parsnips; 100 bushels of rutabagas; 150 bushels of potatoes; half an acre of No. 1 sweet corn; 1,200 bushels of No. 1 hard wheat off 57 acres; 1,000 bushels of oats off 18 acres.

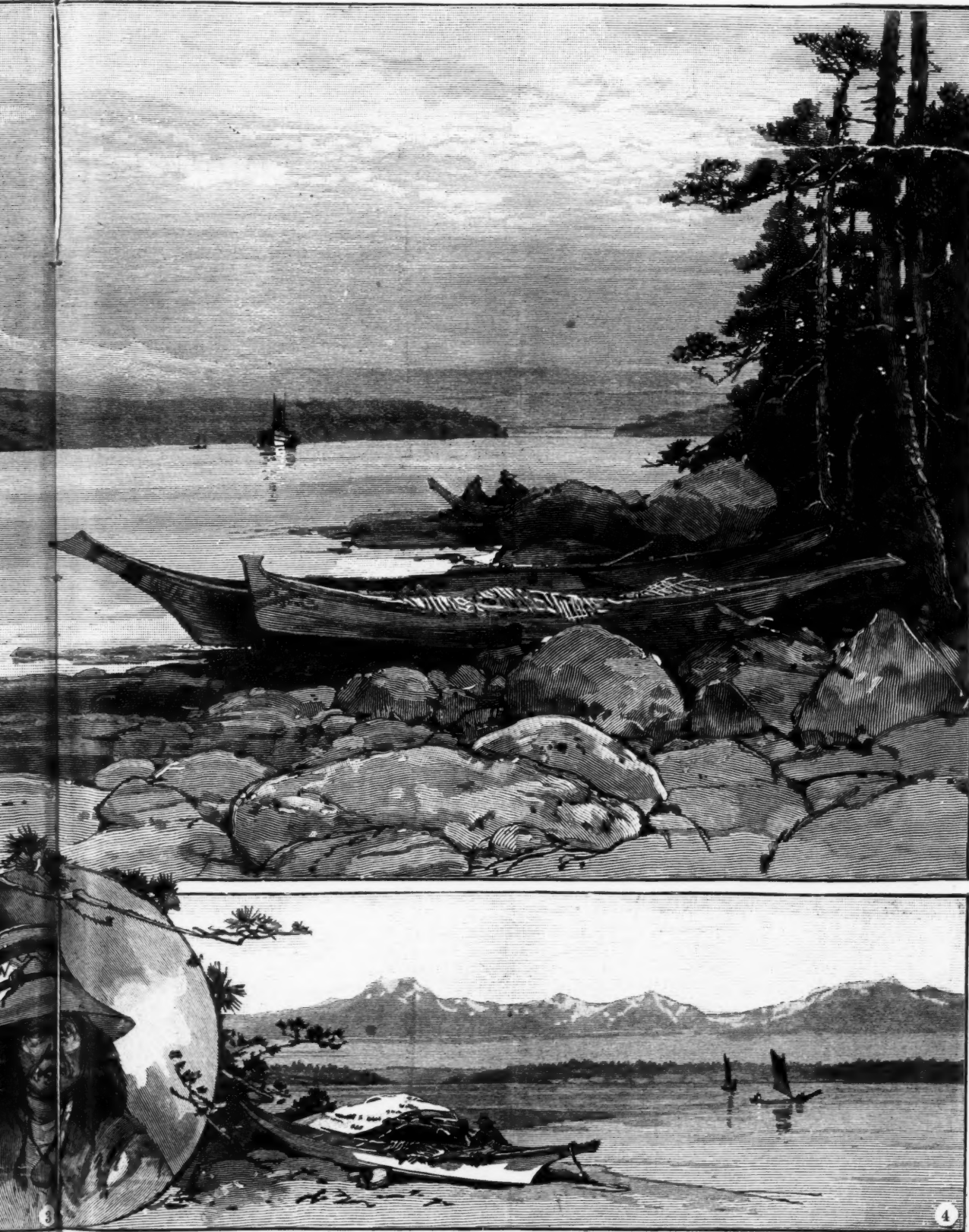
The whole season's work on both farm and garden was done by the two brothers themselves with the exception of a little help hired in harvest time, the outlay for which was not more than twenty-five dollars.

Roots and vegetables of all kinds grow luxuriantly here that farmers who neglect to give a fair proportion of their time to these miss some of the chief profits of their land. It requires but little labor to keep the weeds out of the garden, the chief labor after the seed is put in being to thin out the plants to the proper distance apart. — *Jamestown (Dakota) Capital*.

CHEAP LANDS.

Any thinking man can see that the days of cheap lands are swiftly going by. Uncle Sam has already given away the choice part of his estate. A large acreage remains, but much of it is not good. Nevertheless, the coming thousands will be glad to get that. And the time is near at hand when the generous old uncle will have no lands to give to anyone. When the free lands are gone, what will be the result? The poor man will not be able to get land, that's all. And that means a good deal. The glory of America has not only been in its "free institutions," but free homes for the millions. The poor man without land in this country will be at the mercy of the rich, and his lot will be only little better than that of the poor in other countries. He must be a hewer of wood and a drawer of water. His lot will be to work for others. He will know nothing of the independence that a few broad acres will give to the yeoman. But may be the reader won't believe that the poor man will be unable to buy lands. Well, let us see; what are lands worth in European countries? From \$150 an acre upwards, a friend tells us. Very well. Is it not easy to see that European prices will prevail in regard to the price of lands in this country in a few years after our free lands are exhausted. To put the matter in a few words, we shall soon see lands that can now be bought for \$5 and \$10 per acre selling for \$50, while the best farming lands in the most favored places will be held at \$200 or \$300 per acre, and even more. But this will not be the case for years, say some. It may happen in ten years, and certainly will in twenty. If a man desires to make a safe investment for himself and for his children, let him buy land. And for cheap lands, Dakota stands ahead. Not only are Dakota lands the cheapest, but they are the best in the world. Let the land seeker come to Dakota. — *Scranton (Dakota) Pioneer*.

In his annual report the Governor of Idaho says the funded debt of the Territory has been practically wiped out. The population of the Territory is stated to be 88,000, which should entitle the Territory, in the Governor's opinion, to be admitted as a State. The value of assessed property in the Territory has increased fifty per cent over last year, and is now placed at \$9,380,000. The export of minerals last fiscal year was \$7,000,000.



1. A SALMON-FISHING VILLAGE. 2. AN INDIAN FISHERMAN. 3. THE OLYMPIC RANGE.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF THE WHEAT MARKET.

[PREPARED FOR THE NORTHWEST.]

MINNEAPOLIS, Nov. 28, 1884.

The only features of the market the past month have been continued depression and dullness. Although prices have not gone much lower, having lost only about two cents during the month, there is a very heavy feeling, and repeated efforts to lift the market out of the same old rut have failed. Wheat was never so low as now. In many places in the country fifty cents per bushel is the highest price paid for No. 1 hard, and this means an average of about forty-two cents for the farmer's crop. The causes for the prevailing low prices are many, but the one most apparent is over-production, both at home and abroad. This country is full of wheat. There is an enormous surplus after using all we can at home, and there is no market abroad for it. The English grain trade was never in such a discouraging condition as now, and prices are tending lower every day. The Minneapolis mills have immense quantities of wheat on hand, and are buying very little at present. Flour is cheap and the market is very weak. Country mills have more wheat than they can grind. The stocks in store at Minneapolis are larger than ever before—nearly 4,000,000 bushels—and are increasing at an enormous rate every week. Under these conditions there is not much hope of a better market soon. The following table shows the highest and lowest prices for the month, with the prices of a year ago:

	Highest.	Lowest.	Nov. 27, 1884.
No. 1. Hard.....	72c.	69½c.	99½c.
No. 2. ".....	68	64	93
No. 1. Regular.....	60½	59	88
No. 1. ".....	57	54	85½

The market has been very steady all through the month. The Eastern markets have shown no real signs of reviving business and buyers here are compelled to sit down and wait. There has been a better business in shipping wheat to Chicago and Milwaukee than at any time during the season. The extremely low price gives shippers a safe margin. Low grade wheat is about the only stuff in demand. Receipts at Duluth continue to be very large, but as navigation is closed the storage capacity there will soon be filled up, and then the tide of grain will be turned this way. The country elevators are pretty well filled up, and there is not likely to be any scarcity of wheat for many weeks, if at all. Farmers in the North have been selling freely, and there is now a disposition among the wheat growers of the older sections to let go. The total amount of wheat now in sight in the United States is nearly 40,000,000 bushels. It is less than forty weeks until the new crop comes in, and as the average weekly consumption is not much over 1,000,000, there will still be left the wheat yet unsold in farmers' hands. From these facts the farmers of the Northwest can decide as to the probable prices of the future.

The flour market has ruled dull during the month and prices have declined. The output for the first two weeks of November was the largest ever known but since then it has fallen off considerably. The extremely low market has discouraged millers, and they are curtailing work as much as possible, without shutting down entirely. The stage of water in the river is excellent, and although there have been temporary hindrances on account of anchor ice there is nothing to prevent a full run during the winter should the millers feel inclined to crowd things. This is not likely, however, as many millers talk of curtailing their work still further unless the market offers better inducements than at present.

Messrs. Gold, Barbour & Swords, 10 Pine Street, New York, report the following closing quotations of miscellaneous securities November 25 :

Northern Pacific 1st Mortgage Bonds.....	102½	to 102½
" " " " " " " " " " " " " " " "	87	" 87½
" " " " " " " " " " " " " " " "	90½	" 100"
" " " " " " " " " " " " " " " "	100	" 100½
" " " " " " " " " " " " " " " "	75	" 77
St Paul & Duluth.....		" 15
St Paul & Duluth Preferred.....		" 79
Northern Pacific common.....	17¾	to 17¾
Oregon Transcontinental.....	41¼	to 41¾
Oregon Railway & Nav.....	69	" 75¾
Oregon Transcontinental 6%.....	69	" 75
Oregon Railway & Nav. 1sts.....	100	to 67½
	66	to 110½

* Interest. † Bid.

Prices of Leading Northwestern Stocks.

COMPILED FROM DAILY REPORTS.

The following table shows the closing prices of leading Northwestern Stocks, on the New York Stock Exchange, from October 27 to November 26:

1884.	No. Pac. Com.	No. Pac. Pfd.	Oregon Transl.	O. R. & Nav.	Oregon Imp. Co.	Chicago & N. W.	Chicago & N. W. Pfd.	C. M. & St. Paul.	C. M. & St. P. Pfd.	St. P. M. & Manitoba.	St. Paul & Omaha.	St. Paul & O. Pfd.	Minn. & St. Louis.	Minn. & St. L. Pfd.	C. B. & Q.	Rock Isl'd.	Canadian Pacific.
Oct. 27.....	18	42½	12¾	67	17	85½	123½	74	103	78	28½	87	11	24	118½	111	43½
Oct. 28.....	18	42¾	12¾	66	15	85½	124	73¾	103	77	28½	86	11	24¾	118	109½	44½
Oct. 29.....	18	42½	12¾	69	15	86	125	73¾	102½	79	28½	86½	11	24½	117¾	110	43½
Oct. 30.....	18	43½	12¾	69	15	86	125	73¾	103	80	29½	88	11	24½	117¾	110½	43¾
Oct. 31.....	18½	43½	12¾	69	15	87½	126	76¼	104	81	29½	89	11½	24½	119½	111	44
Nov. 1.....	18½	43¼	12¾	69	15	86½	125	75	104	80	28	87	11½	26	118	111	44
Nov. 3.....	18½	43¼	12¾	70	15	86½	125	76¼	104	81½	29½	87	12	25	118½	110	43¾
Nov. 5.....	18½	43	13½	70	15	85½	124	74¾	103	80	28	86½	11½	25	118¼	110	43¾
Nov. 6.....	17¾	41¾	12¾	69	15	84¼	124	75½	103½	79	28	87	11½	25	117¼	111¼	43¾
Nov. 7.....	17¾	42½	12¾	69	16½	85	124	73¾	103	81½	28	85	11½	25	116¾	111¾	43
Nov. 8.....	17½	41¾	12¾	69	16½	83¾	123½	74¾	103	80½	28½	86¼	11½	26	118 ¼	111¾	43
Nov. 10.....	17¾	42½	12¾	69	16½	83¾	123½	73¾	103	80½	27½	86½	11½	26	117½	109½	43½
Nov. 11.....	17½	42	12¾	70	16½	82¾	123½	74¾	104	80	26½	85½	11½	26	117½	109½	43½
Nov. 12.....	18	42½	12¾	71½	16½	83¾	121	73½	103	82	27	86	11½	25	117½	111½	43
Nov. 13.....	18	42½	12¾	70	15	84	122½	74¾	103½	82	27¼	87¾	11½	25	119	110	44
Nov. 14.....	18	43¼	13¼	71½	18½	87¼	123¼	75½	103½	83	27	86	11½	25	120½	112½	43
Nov. 15.....	18½	42½	13	71½	20	86	123	75½	104	82	27	86	12	25	119½	111½	44½
Nov. 17.....	18½	43¼	13¾	69	21	87	124	74¾	103½	80	28	86	10	25	120½	110¾	43½
Nov. 18.....	18½	42¾	13¾	69	21	87½	124	74¾	104	80	28½	87	11½	25	121	111½	43
Nov. 20.....	18½	42¾	13	69	21	87½	126	76¾	105	80	29½	88	11½	25	120½	109¾	43
Nov. 21.....	18½	42½	13¾	69	21	88¼	125½	75½	105	81	29½	88½	11½	24¾	121	109	43
Nov. 22.....	18	42½	13	69	22½	89¼	125	76¾	105	81	29¼	90¼	11	25½	121	109	44
Nov. 24.....	17½	41½	13	71½	22½	89½	124½	77	105¼	80	29½	89½	11½	25¼	119	108½	44¼
Nov. 25.....	18	41½	13	71½	22½	91½	126	76¼	105¼	83½	30	91¼	12	25	120¼	110½	44¾
Nov. 26.....	18½	42½	14½	71½	21	92½	126½	79½	106½	83½	30½	91¼	12¾	27½	120½	110½	45½

THE DAKOTA EXHIBIT AT NEW ORLEANS.—Commissioner Alexander McKenzie informs the *Mandan Pioneer* that he will have on exhibition at the New Orleans World's Fair a full display of the fauna of Dakota. Mr. Allen, the taxidermist, is at work on a number of fine specimens that will be used at the exhibition. Life size models representing Indian life and civilization are also being prepared, and will be a feature of great interest to the outside world. An Indian family will be hired to be present at the exhibition. The Indians will be dressed in a full outfit of Indian toggery and will show to the

strangers the wild manners of Indian life. All the animals of the chase will be represented. An Indian pony will be mounted, attached to a travois, showing the aboriginal method of transportation. Indian tepee life and barbarism will be presented to show the condition in which Dakota was found by the white man years ago when he first set foot upon the virgin soil. Models will also be on exhibition which will show at a glance Indian life on the reservations. No State in the Union can present such a contrast in her denizens as Dakota. The wild life of the warlike Sioux alongside of the bonanza farms and the great wheat fields presents a contrast unknown to any other country in the world.

NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD COMPANY.

Monthly Earnings Statement.

The actual earnings for month of October were as follows:

	1883.	1884.	Increase.
Miles: Main Line and Branches.....	2,365	2,453	88
Month of October.....	\$1,397,221.79	\$1,461,510.99	\$64,289.20
July 1st to Oct. 31.....	\$4,485,783.09	\$4,753,110.88	\$267,327.79

APPROXIMATE EARNINGS FOR FIRST TWO WEEKS IN NOVEMBER.

TREASURER'S OFFICE, 17 BROAD STREET,
NEW YORK, November 5, 1884.

	1883.	1884.	Increase.
Miles: Main Line and Branches.....	2,365	2,453	88
Month of October.....	\$1,397,221.79	\$1,461,370.00	\$64,148.21
July 1 to Oct. 31	\$4,485,783.09	\$4,752,969.89	\$267,186.80

NEW YORK, November 11, 1884.

	1883.	1884.	Increase.
Miles: Main Line and Branches.....	2,365	2,453	88
Nov. 1 to Nov. 7.....	\$315,800.00	\$316,369.00	\$569.00
July 1 to Nov. 7.....	\$4,801,583.09	\$5,069,338.89	\$267,755.80

R. L. BELKNAP, *Treasurer.*

A. C. PETTIT,
PLUMBER, GAS & STEAM FITTER
FERGUS FALLS, MINN.

A large supply of Sewer Pipe constantly on hand. Agent for the Page Steam Heater. A good assortment of Iron and Wood Pumps always in Stock. All orders for Goods or Work promptly attended to.



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CORNER OF BROAD, - NEW YORK.

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AND

MEEKER ISLAND
LAND AND POWER CO. ADDITION,
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Prospect Park is a high, finely wooded tract near the University of Minnesota, fronting on University Avenue—the main thoroughfare between Minneapolis and St. Paul. This is the finest residence property in Minneapolis, commands a view of the entire city, of Hamline, Merriam Park, Minnesota Transfer, and a good share of St. Paul, with Fort Snelling in the distance. Arrangements have recently been made for the erection of \$40,000 of first-class residences the coming season. This property is offered on reasonable terms. Meeker Island Land and Power Co.'s Addition adjoins Prospect Park on the west and extends to the Mississippi River. Union Depot line of the C., M. & St. P. R. R. runs through this property. This is to-day the best property for manufacturing establishments in or near this city, being convenient to the mills, all the railways, and the Minnesota Transfer. Manufacturers desiring to change their location will do well to examine this location carefully. Plats, map of the territory between Minneapolis and St. Paul, and all necessary information furnished on application.

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COUNTY

Invites the personal inspection of First-Class, Thrifty, Intelligent Farmers. Situated midway between the wheat belt of North Dakota and the corn region of South Dakota, both products can be raised with equal success.

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On the James river and the future railroad center of Dakota. Northern Pacific R. R. Co. and La Moure Syndicate joint owners.

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We make careful personal selections of Northern Pacific Railroad Lands for stockholders and other purchasers in the Best Wheat-growing District of North Dakota.

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We transact a general banking business, make investments for non-residents, and are land agents for N. P. R. R. Co. For advertising matter or information write to

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A Flouring Mill, a Straw-board Factory, a Small Foundry or Repair Shops, and a Brick Yard are all needed and will pay at La Moure.

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Also Brokers in Securities and Live Stock,
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Dividend bonds, 6 per cent annually, due 1888.

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At **LYTLE'S**, 45 Jackson Street, St. Paul.

Gentlemen's Gold Watches of every make and grade; Ladies' Gold Watches, some of the finest manufactured, set with diamonds, American and Swiss movements; Solid Gold Chatelaine Watches, Stem-winders, \$15, \$18 and \$20; bushels of Silver Watches of every make and grade. A magnificent stock of Diamonds, Rich Jewelry of every kind, Solid Silver, Opera Glasses, Music Boxes, Novelties. Warranted in perfect order, for half their value.

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Four blocks from Union Depot; one block from Opera House, Post Office and Court House.

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Lamps, Chandeliers and Plate Glass Mirrors.

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ST. PAUL GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

The attractions for the above place of amusement during month of December:

LIZZIE EVANS, December 1, 2, 3.

BARLOW, WILSON & CO. MINSTRELS, December 4, 5, 6.

JOHN L. STODDARD'S Lectures on Foreign Cities, December 8, 9, 10, 15, 16, 17.

THOMPSON'S OPERA COMPANY, playing *Beggar Student*, December 11, 12, 13.

The latest MADISON SQUARE success, *May Blossom*, December 18, 19, 20.

BOSTON IDEAL OPERA Co., week of December 22.

FRANK MAYO in his new melodramatic and spectacular piece, *Nordeck*, week of December 29.

Manager Scott has secured the strongest attractions possible for the Holidays.

TOBACCO is a plant naturally adapted to the volcanic ash soils of the Yakima Valley, Washington Territory, and, from sample lots raised, it is believed that a superior excellence may be attained in the cultivation of this very profitable article of commerce.

The streets of Winnipeg, Manitoba, are very picturesque in the afternoons. Young exquisites with single eye-glasses languidly stare at daintily dressed ladies of fashion. Stolid half-breeds walk back and forth with toes turned in, while Indian squaws trudge along with their infants strapped to boards on their backs. Mounted police in scarlet coats and white helmets add color to the scene.



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Terra Cotta Lumber Co.

No. 363 Jackson St.

Factory at POST'S SIDING.

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Terra Cotta Lumber

IS ABSOLUTELY FIRE-PROOF.

It is a non-conductor of Heat, Cold and Sound. Vermin cannot penetrate it.

It can be used in all departments of interior architecture.

One coat of plaster (without studding or lath) finishes, and it is ready for use in twenty-four hours.

Can be shaped with edged tools.

It is laid more rapidly and at less cost than brick.

The cost of this material is within the reach of all intending to build.

Samples on exhibition at office and factory.

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S. R. McMASTERS,
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THEATRICAL GREASE PAINTS, SPIRIT GUMS,

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ALL GOODS NECESSARY FOR STAGE MAKE-UP,
FINE PERFUMES, TOILET ARTICLES AND RARE IMPORTED CHEMICALS.

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Entirely new and freshly selected stock of

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SOLIDSILVER,

Etc., Etc., Etc.

Entire stock purchased since SEPTEMBER 1, at bottom prices, and will be sold at correspondingly low prices.

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HEATING and VENTILATING

By Steam, Hot Water and Hot Air,

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TIN AND SHEET IRON WORK,

WIND MILLS, PUMPS, PIPE,

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Save \$20 to \$40 on a single Suit or Overcoat in preference to paying your tailor ruinous prices, as we sell fine Merchant Tailors' Misfits and Uncalled-for Garments at one half the original measured price, and in preference to purchasing a ready-made garment, procure a tailor-made for less money, at the

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48 E. THIRD ST., ST. PAUL, MINN.

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For fine goods and low prices call on us.

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Mural Painters, Ecclesiastical Decorators,

384 WABASHA STREET,
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FOR THE DECORATION OF

CHURCHES, HALLS, THEATRES,

AND

PRIVATE RESIDENCES.

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TYPE WRITER.

WHAT IS IT?

A machine that does the work of two or three penmen, and much more neatly and legibly. Superior over all others in Simplicity, Ease of Manipulation, Speed and Durability.

WYCKOFF, SEAMANS & BENEDICT,
 SOLE AGENTS,
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Call and examine or send for circulars.

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Portrait Photographer,

438 WABASHA STREET,
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Large and Artistic Portraits a Specialty.

"Would you like this bound in turkey?" asked the gentlemanly book agent of his rural customer for "Scratcher's Universal History of the World." "Oh, no," was the reply, "no use sending on it clear out there; bind it in New York."—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*



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FOR THE

ONLY GENUINE ENGLISH

WALKENPHAUST SHOES.

LADIES' & GENTLEMEN'S

FRENCH,

ENGLISH &

AMERICAN

GOODS.



HOLIDAY SLIPPERS.



Fine Goods

Our Specialty.

SEND FOR Catalogue.

GOODS SENT C. O. D. ON APPROVAL.

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One Price Shoe House,
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AMERICAN
ELECTRIC LIGHT, 60c.

A complete model Incandescent Electric Lamp, with Battery, Stand, Globe, Platina Burner, Wire, Etc., with instructions for putting in perfect operation, will be sent, postpaid, for 60 cents.

FREDERICK LOWEY,
NO. 96 FULTON ST., NEW YORK.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

The Cowboy.

What is it has no fixed abode
 Who seeks adventures by the load—
 An errant knight without a code?
 The cowboy.

Who finds it pleasure cows to punch
 When he would a whole herd "hunch"—
 Who ready for a fine grass lunch?
 The cowboy.

Who is it when the drive is done,
 Will on a howling bender run,
 And bring to town his little gun?
 The cowboy.

Who is it paints the town so red
 And in the morning has a head
 Upon him like a feather bed?
 The cowboy.

Who is it with unbounded skill
 Will shoot big bullets with a will
 That generally has the effect to kill?
 The cowboy.

Who is it, after all, who makes
 Town trade good, and uniformly takes
 For big hearts what is called "the cake"?
 The cowboy.

—N. M. Stockgrower

One day Jessie was sitting in her grandpa's lap, and while sitting there, noticed his head was bald on top. She said, "O Ranpa, your head's peeking froo!"

Hostess.—"What good English you speak?"

Guest.—"Good English?"

Hostess.—"Yes. Allow me to congratulate you."

Guest.—"But, madam, I am an Englishman."

Hostess.—"Yes. That is what makes it so surprising."

"You newspaper men," said a preacher, "must have queer views of things. You are always looking on and never taking part. I suppose now, your idea of the Day of Judgment is that you will have a table off at one side and report the proceedings to the morning paper."

"I tell yer wot, boys," exclaimed Old Ben, the roughest man of the camp. "I tell yer wot, boys, it made a feller feel kinder watery round the lids to hear that little chit of a thing a settin' up thar like an angel a sayin' her prayers so cute, 'Mary had a little lamb,' or suthin' o' that sort."

"Now," said the photographer, taking hold of the cloth over the instrument, "are you all ready?"

"Yes," replied the customer.

"Well, just keep your eye on that sign," he said, pointing to a legend on the wall, which read, Positively No Credit, "and look pleasant."

Dumley had been asked to carve the chicken, and he was struggling with it.

"What seems to be the matter, Mr. Dumley?" asked the landlady, "hasn't the carving knife a good edge?"

"Yes, madam," he replied, "but it won't have very long."

"You are from the country, are you not, sir?" said a bookseller to a provincial cyclist with thin legs, who had been whiling away the time looking over some books. "Well, here's an 'Essay on the Rearing of Calves.'" "That," said the cyclist, as he turned to leave the shop, "you had better present your mother." It was rough, but we think the thin-legged scored.

"Speakin' of productive soil," said the man from Dakota, "the half has not been told. A few weeks ago my wife said, 'Why, John, I b'lieve you've took to growin' again.' I measured myself, an' I hope Gabriel'll miss me at the final round-up if I hadn't grown six inches in two weeks. I couldn't account for it for some time, till at last I tumbled to the fact that thar war holes in my boots, an' the infernal soil got in thar an' done its work."—*Milwaukee Journal.*

"So you are the new girl," said the boarders to the new waiter; "and by what name are we to call you?"

"Pearl," said the girl, with a saucy toss of her head.

"Oh!" said the smart boarder, "are you the pearl of great price?"

"No; I'm the pearl that was cast before swine." There was a long silence, broken only by the buzz of the flies in the milk pitcher. — *Providence News.*

"There's a seat," said one Brooklynite to another in the bridge cars the other morning. "You sit down," was the reply to the invitation. "Really, now, I don't care to sit down. I have to be seated so much during the day that—" Before the first speaker had finished his second say a school girl had, with a well assumed air of innocence, slipped under their gesticulating arms into their seat. "I really prefer to stand in the morning." "So do I," said the Brooklynite, while the seated passengers betrayed the ghost of a sarcastic smile. — *New York Journal.*

St. Paul Business Houses.

WILSON & ROGERS,

Robert St. bet. Third and Fourth Sts.

ST. PAUL.

*Engines, Boilers and Steam Pumps,**Hand Pumps; Iron and Wood Pipe,*

—AND—

*Fittings for Steam, Gas and Water.*L. H. MAXFIELD. C. SEABURY. W. T. MAXFIELD, *Special.***MAXFIELD & SEABURY,**

WHOLESALE GROCERS,

195 to 199 East Third Street, Corner Sibley

ST. PAUL, MINN.

*Agents for the Oriental Powder Mills Mining and
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PUMPS, PIPE, MILL

—AND—

RAILWAY SUPPLIES

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ALLEN, MOON & CO.,

Successors to P. F. McQUINLAN & Co., Established 1859.

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and Fine Havana Cigars.*201, 203, 205, 207 & 209 EAST THIRD ST., Cor. Sibley,
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MANUFACTURERS AGENTS

Foreign and American Cements.

LIME, PLASTER, HAIR, FIRE BRICK, CLAY, TILE, &c.

Car Load Lots Prices made, delivered at any point.

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GLASSWARE, LAMPS AND HOUSE FUR-
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REFRIGERATOR CAR COMPANY,

DEALERS IN AND TRANSPORTERS OF

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DRY GOODS AND NOTIONS,

Miner's and Lumbermen's Suits a Specialty.

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Wholesale Grocers,

226, 228, 230, 232, 234 & 236 EAST THIRD ST.,

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Direct Importers of Brazilian Coffees, China and Japan Teas,
Norway Herring and Stock Fish.

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WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

WOODEN AND WILLOW WARE,Cordage, Twines, Brushes, Paper Bags,
Paper, Notions, &c.

403 SIBLEY STREET,

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FURNITURE,

342 and 344 JACKSON STREET,

ST. PAUL, MINN.

ROBINSON & CARY,

Cor. Fourth and Wauconta Sts., St. Paul, Minn.

—DEALERS IN—

Railway, Mill, Contractors' and Min-
ing Equipment and Supplies.**P. H. KELLY MERCANTILE CO.,**

Successors to P. H. KELLY & CO.,

WHOLESALE GROCERS,

—IMPORTERS OF—

TEAS AND COFFEES,

Established 1854.

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NOYES BRO'S & CUTLER,

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—AND—

WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS,

ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.

CORLIES, CHAPMAN & DRAKE,

(Incorporated.)

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**SASH
BLINDS
DOORS
MOULDINGS
HARD WOOD
ST. PAUL****FAIRBANKS' SCALES,****ECLIPSE WIND MILLS,****TANKS, PUMPS, PIPE, Etc.**

The Best Goods in the Market.

FAIRBANKS, MORSE & CO.,

371 and 373 Sibley St., St. Paul, Minn.

St. Paul and Pacific Coal and Iron Co.,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

COAL AND PIG IRON.Sole Shippers to the Northwest of Phila-
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Docks at DULUTH and SUPERIOR.

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READY MIXED HOUSE PAINTS,
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COLORS IN OIL, WHITE AND TINTED LEADS.

WRITE FOR COLOR CARDS AND PRICES.
T. L. BLOOD & CO., MANUFACTURERS,
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Detroit Fire and Burglar Proof Safes and Vault Doors.

COMBINATION LOCKS PUT ON OLD SAFES.
Locksmithing and Electric or Mechanical Bell Hanging
Safe Opening and Repairing a Specialty.

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June '83—cu.

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RHODES & MORTON
(Successors to BREUER & RHODES),
Wholesale Iron, Nails, Steel, Heavy Hardware
and Carriage Materials,
Burden's Horse Shoes, Peter Wright's Anvils,
Bellows, Vises, Blacksmith and Wagon Supplies,
221 & 223 EAST FOURTH ST.,
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IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF
DRY GOODS AND NOTIONS.
FOURTH, SIBLEY and FIFTH STS.,
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THE STANDARD LUBRICATING OIL OF AMERICA FOR RAILROADS. Galena Engine, Coach and Car Oil.

GRAVITY 26°, 27°, 28°, 29°; GOLD TEST, 10° to 15° BELOW ZERO.

No freezing in coldest weather, and entire freedom from hot journals at any time; perfect uniformity at all seasons of the year. Saves 40 per cent. in wear of brasses, as its exclusive use upon a majority of the leading railroads has demonstrated.

SHOWING BETTER RESULTS THAN ANY OIL EXTANT.

References furnished on application.

GALENA OIL WORKS (Limited),
FRANKLIN, PA.
CHAS. MILLER, Pres't and Gen'l Manager.



THE Adams & Westlake Mfg. CO.,

MAKERS OF
THE WIRE GAUZE NON-EXPLOSIVE
OIL STOVE,
FOR HEATING AND COOKING PURPOSES.

Cooking for a large Family can be done at a small
Expense. Beautifully Finished, Perfect Workman-
ship, Absolutely Safe and Free from Odor.

— ALSO —
Passenger, Parlor and Postal Car Lamps,
Locomotive Headlights, Switch, Signal, Station
Lamps, and General Railway Specialties.

CHICAGO. NEW YORK. BOSTON,
Franklin & Ontario Sts. 100 Beekman Street. 45 Summer Street.

A. F. MERELL. D. RYAN.
MERELL & RYAN,
IMPORTERS,
Wholesale Druggists,
AND
MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS,
225, 227 AND 229 EAST THIRD ST.,
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STRONG, HACKETT & CO.,
IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF
Hardware, Tinnerns' Stock and Tools,
GUNS AND SPORTING GOODS,
213, 215, 217 & 219 EAST FOURTH STREET,
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FARWELL, OZMUN & JACKSON,
WHOLESALE HARDWARE,
TIN PLATES AND METAL,
254, 256, 258, 260 & 262 East Third Street, St. Paul, Minn.
THE LARGEST STOCK IN THE CITY AT LOWEST MARKET RATES.
CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

C. H. GRAVES & CO.,
DULUTH, MINN.,
Wholesale Dealers in
SALT, LIME, CEMENT,
PLASTER PARIS, ETC.
Our Load lots shipped everywhere at lowest Freight Rates.

TRADE AND FINANCE.

OFFICE OF THE ST. PAUL CHAMBER OF COMMERCE,
November 28, 1884.

During the month of November money has been very active. Owing to the continued heavy shipments of wheat, the demands on the banks have been considerable, the usual discount rates being charged, viz.: 8 to 10 per cent, the former for high grade paper. Eastern exchange is steady at par between the banks. A decided improvement in collections, in nearly all lines of trade, is being felt this month.

The wholesale grocers have been very active for the past few weeks, some of them being two or three days behind in filling their orders. A marked improvement in dry goods is manifested. This line of trade has been dull for some time past, but the indications now are that things have taken a decided turn for the better.

The drug trade is well sustained. One of our leading houses has just made a large shipment of ginseng to Bogota, South America. It was the largest shipment of the season, consisting of sixty-three casks. Large sales of window glass are reported. Linseed oil is dull. Camphor and glycerine are very low in price at the present time.

A fair trade has been done in the wholesale clothing department, and hardware houses have been exceedingly active, a very large trade having been done this fall, far in excess of that of last year.

The lumber business has been very active indeed, a large trade having been realized this season, which however, has almost drawn to a close now.

The commission merchants have been fairly active all the month, and those handling fruits have had an unprecedentedly busy season.

The following quotations show present wholesale prices in the St. Paul market:

WHEAT—No. 1 hard, 69½¢ bid; December, 70¢ bid; January, 70½¢ bid; May, 80¢ bid. No. 1, 60¢ bid; No. 2 hard, 65¢ bid; No. 2, 55¢@57¢ bid.

CORN—No. 2, 38¢ asked; new mixed, 36¢ asked.

OATS—No. 2 mixed, 23¢ bid, 24¢ asked; No. 2 white, 25¢ asked; No. 3 white, 23¢ bid, 24¢ asked.

BARLEY—No. 2, 55¢ bid; No. 3 extra, 45¢ bid; No. 3, 40¢ bid.

RYE—No. 3, 40¢ bid.

GROUND FEED—\$14.50 bid, \$15.50 asked.

BOLTED CORN MEAL—\$22 asked.

COARSE CORN MEAL—\$15 bid, \$15.50 asked.

BRAN—\$6.50 bid, \$7.50 asked.

BALED HAY—Upland prairie, \$8 asked; timothy, \$8.50 asked.

FLAX SEED—\$1.20 bid.

TIMOTHY SEED—\$1.25 asked.

CLOVER SEED—\$4 bid.

EGGS—21¢ bid, 23¢ asked.

BUTTER—Good to fair creameries, 28¢@30¢; fancy do, 30¢@32¢; fancy dairy, 22¢@24¢; choice do, 15¢@18¢; shipping, 6¢@9¢.

DRESSED MEATS—Extra choice steers, 7½¢@8¢ per lb; choice steers, 8¢@8½¢; cows and heifers, 6¢@6½¢; hogs, 4½¢@5¢; mutton, 7¢@7½¢; lamb, 8¢; veal, average 90 to 120 lbs, \$11@11 per 100 lbs; heavy, \$8@9 per 100 lbs.

FRUITS—Dates, 7¢@8¢ per lb; Figs, 15¢@18¢ per lb. Lemons, \$5@5.50 per box. Apples, choice to fancy, \$2@2.40 per bbl; fair to good, \$2@2.15. California pears, \$3.25@3.75 per box. Grapes—Concord, 8¢@10¢ per lb; Catawba, 10¢@12½¢; California Muscat, 20¢ per lb. Oregon peach plums, \$2 per box. Cranberries, \$3.50 @ 4 per bu, \$11@12 per bbl; Wisconsin cultivated, \$3@3.75 per bu; \$11.50@12 per bbl.

FISH—Steady; trout, whitefish and pike, 7¢; halibut, 18¢@20¢; cod, 12¢; cod steak, 12¢@15¢; mackerel, 17¢@20¢; lobsters, 20¢; salmon, 15¢@18¢; brook trout, 30¢; smoked sturgeon, 12½¢ per lb.

FURS—Muskrat, fall, 5¢@6¢; kits, 2¢@3¢; mink, pull, 46¢@40¢; dark, 50¢@75¢; marten, pale, \$1@1.25; dark \$1.75@2.25; otter, large dark, \$5@7; medium pale, \$4@6; coon, 50¢@75¢; skunk, 40¢@70¢; wolf, 7¢@8¢; bear, \$8@15; badger, 40¢@70¢; beaver, \$2.50 @ 3 per lb. for Western, \$3@3.75 for Northern; fox, red, \$1@1.50; lynx, \$3@4.50; fisher, \$1@6.

HIDES—Green hides, 6¢@6½¢ per lb; green salted, 7½¢@8¢; dry salted, 9½¢@10¢; long-haired kip, 6½¢@7¢; veal kips, 8¢; greencalf, 10¢@11¢; dry calfskin, 10¢@12¢; dry flint hides, 12¢; damaged, one-third off; lamb skins, 30¢@40¢ each; shearlings, 15¢@25¢.

HONEY—Choice clover, 18¢ per lb; buckwheat, 16¢.

POULTRY AND GAME—Chickens, dressed, 8¢@10¢ per lb; live hens, 50¢@60¢ per pair; turkeys, dressed, 10¢@12¢ per lb; mallard ducks, \$2.50@3 per doz; teal, \$1.25 per doz; tame ducks, dressed, 10¢@12¢ per lb.

MAPLE SUGAR—10¢@12¢ per lb.

PROVISIONS—Mess pork, \$12@12.50 per bbl; butt pork, \$11.50 @ 12; hams, plain, 12¢; long clear bacon, smoked, 8¢; do, dry salt, 7¢; breakfast bacon, 11¢.

LARD—Tierce lard, refined, 7½¢, keg lard, refined, 8¢; wooden pails, 30 lbs, 8½¢; tin pails, 3 lbs, 8½¢; do, 5 lbs, 8½¢; 10 lbs, 8½¢.

TALLOW—Prime, 5½¢@5¾¢ per lb; No. 2, 4½¢@4¾¢.

VEGETABLES—Sweet potatoes, Jerseys, per bbl, \$5@5.25; Muscatines, \$2.75@3; onions, \$1.25@1.50 per bbl; new potatoes, 25¢ @ 28¢ per bu; turnips, 35¢ per bu; beets, 40¢ per bu; cabbage, \$2.50 @ 3.50 per 100; celery, 40¢@50¢ per doz; carrots, 40¢ per bu; pumpkins, 50¢@75¢ per doz; squashes, Boston Marrow and Hubbard, 75¢@\$1 per doz.

C. A. McNEALE, Secretary.

NORTHERN PACIFIC VIEWS.

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St. Paul aspires to commercial importance co-equal with any American city, save alone New York. The conditions requisite for such success seem already guaranteed. The city has become the entrepot for everything and everybody from the East and South that is to take part in any way in the development of the Northwestern portion of the United States. It is the base of operations, and will be for all time, for whatever is accomplished in that part of the continent laying between the upper valley of the Mississippi and the Pacific Coast. If this vast region thus indicated, comprising more than one-fourth the entire area of the United States, is in reality what it is claimed to be, viz.: the best and most superior agricultural district of the continent; the finest and largest cattle range in America; the most valuable pinery yet made accessible; and the richest mineral region, then its capacity for development exceeds all that has yet been accomplished in the combined Eastern and Middle States, and St. Paul's future importance at the commercial centre of that district can only be judged by the possibilities of Northwestern development. At the present time St. Paul's wholesale trade, as compared with that of cities of similar size in the East or South, seems phenomenal, but it is merely a hint at what the future is certain to create in that line.

The houses now in trade are notable for their solidity, vast business, and constantly increasing territory controlled. Official figures from commercial agencies show that the annual increase in amount of trade is largely in excess of the per cent of increase in number of houses, proving beyond question the fact that every wholesale house in St. Paul is not only doing a large but constantly increasing business. On this point it was only a few days ago that one of St. Paul's leading wholesale dry goods merchants said, in response to a hard times croaker, that there was not a wholesaler in St. Paul that had not made money the past year, notwithstanding the admitted depression in financial circles. The wholesale trade of St. Paul is now about \$100,000,000 annually, while less than a decade back \$10,000,000 for the same period seemed well worth boasting about. It is quite remarkable that anything like a serious failure in wholesale circles in St. Paul has not occurred since 1873. It is certain that the wholesalers of St. Paul are in a much more prosperous condition than an equal number in any other American city. While all the leading lines of trade are represented by wealthy houses, there is yet abundance of room for new firms, especially in some lines. It has been the common experience of new houses in St. Paul to make money from the very start, and with the constant development going on in the Northwest, this rule must hold good for time to come, as it is not at all probable that the ratio of increase in new commercial houses will be so great as the increase of trade. MCN.

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LINCOLN. PALISADE.

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WEIGHT
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LENGTH OF BARREL 22 TO 28 INCHES.
SHOOTS ACCURATELY UP TO 1200 YARDS.
GOOD WITH SHOT AT 100 YARDS.

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SHOOTS TWENTY-SIX SHOTS IN SIX SECONDS.

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is the strongest shooting gun I ever put to my shoulder, and as for accuracy it can't be beat. I know it to be the best

gun in the market."—J. A. Boyd, of Yates' Sharpshooters. This Repeating Gun is superior to all others,

for by the use of new patents it can be used for all kinds of game, large or small, and puts

double barrel guns way out of sight for quick and effective shooting. We guarantee every gun

perfect in every respect. We will sell this splendid repeating gun 22 inch barrel for \$12.00, or the 28 inch barrel for

\$14.00 if ordered before January 1st. When this lot is sold they cannot be bought for less than \$30 or \$40 each.

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I will pay \$1,000 into any charitable institution in the State of Minnesota if there is not more nutritive and life-giving properties contained in one pound of "Johnston's Fluid Beef" than there is in 100 pounds of Liebig's Extract, or any similar preparation.

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No. 1, 2 ounces.....	\$.35	\$3.00	\$36.00	Less 10 per cent
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PACKAGES: { Nos. 1 and 2—Two dozen in box, one gross in case.
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For \$12

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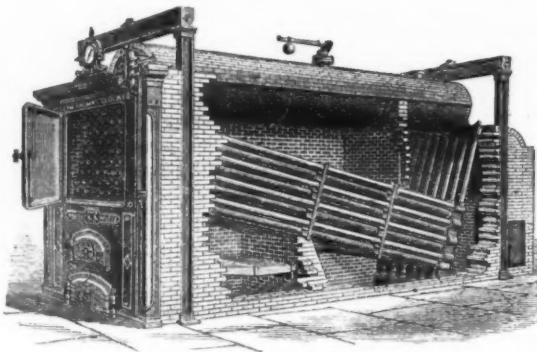
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Jacks for Pressing on Car Wheels or Crank Pins Made to order.
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And the only Plain Back Crucible, Cast Steel Locomotive Scoops made. Guaranteed Superior to any in the Market. For Sale by

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OPERATING CAR WORKS at DETROIT and ADRIAN, MICH.,
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FREIGHT CARS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

CAR WHEELS AND CASTINGS.

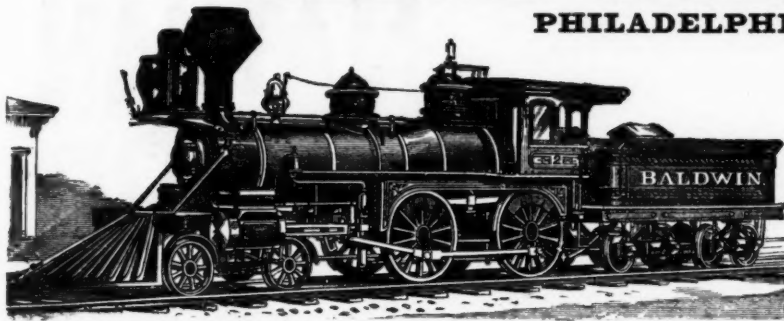
BEST HAMMERED IRON AXLES.

Go West, Young Man.—I want a partner, with \$1,500 or \$2,000, to help me run a small steamboat in Montana. Good business assured already; new boat and outfit; lots of game (large and small), fish, hot springs, Indian life, glaciers, mountains, etc. The future pleasure resort of the Northwest. Wonderfully productive land around and fast settling up. Gold is found all around; also copper and iron ore. All profits to be invested in cattle. This is the chance of a lifetime. All letters answered by addressing "W. J. H.," office of THE NORTHWEST, St. Paul, Minn.

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1831.**BALDWIN LOCOMOTIVE WORKS,**

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CAPACITY, 600.BURNHAM, PARRY, WILLIAMS & CO., Proprietors,
MANUFACTURERS OF**LOCOMOTIVE ENGINES,**

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Passenger and Freight Locomotives, Mine Locomotives, Narrow Gauge Locomotives, Noiseless Motors and Steam Cars for Street Railways, Etc.

Illustrated catalogues furnished on application of customer.

ALL WORK THOROUGHLY GUARANTEED.

DILWORTH, PORTER & CO., Limited.**RAILROAD**

AND

BOAT SPIKES,

PITTSBURGH, PA.

PROGRESS OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC.*From the Spokane Falls (W. T.) Review.*

Mr. John Cobey arrived to-day direct from the eastern end of the Canadian Pacific Railroad. In the course of a long and interesting conversation with him we gathered the following facts: The Canadian Pacific crosses the Columbia twice on the turn of the huge horseshoe that river makes in changing its course from a northerly to a southerly direction. The construction work now centers at the eastern of these crossings, which is 250 miles due north of Spokane Falls in a straight line. Twenty miles east of the crossing a little town has sprung up called Kicking Horse. The end of the track is twelve miles east of this town, and the summit of the Rocky Mountains is fifty-five miles east of the end of track. This last fifty-five miles of track has not yet been received by the Government, and nothing but construction trains are run over it.

Between the end of track and the Columbia River a small force of men are at work finishing some tunnels. This work is done under Mr. James Muir, the well-known tunnel contractor who constructed the Mullah Tunnel on the N. P. R. R. The main construction force is at work west of the crossing. They number 4,500 men and have completed about twenty-five miles of clearing and five miles of grading west from the river. It is intended to continue work all winter, and if this can be done the western crossing of the Columbia can be reached by June 1, 1885. The entire line to the Pacific will be completed by January 1, 1886.

As soon as the track reaches the western crossing of the Columbia River, that point will be used as a base for commencing work on the Ainsworth road into Kootenai, and a steamer to run down to the Kootenai inlet will be constructed at once.

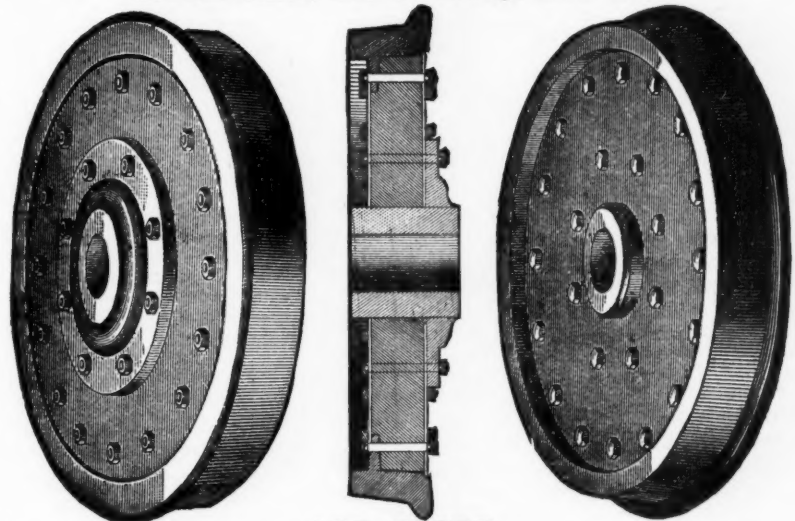
The force employed on the road consists entirely of white men. Ordinary laborers are paid \$2 per day, rock men, \$2.25 to \$2.50. Foremen's wages are very low. Ties are contracted for at eighteen to twenty cents, delivered. There is no saw-mill near the end of track, and timber is all hewn. Scorers get \$2 per day; hewers, \$2.25. Piles are delivered at one and a half cents per foot. The company boarding house rates are \$5 per week. One of the worst features is the irregularity of pay day, which occurs about once in three months. Time checks are sold for about seventy-five cents on the dollar.

All provisions are sent from Winnipeg. Oats are ten cents per hundred. Wild hay cut along the Columbia sells for \$60 per ton.

The Columbia at the crossing is about twice the size of the Spokane. No work has been done as yet on the bridge.

ALLEN PAPER CAR WHEEL COMPANY,

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NORTHWESTERN NOTES.

THERE are about thirty paying placer claims on Pritchard Creek in the Cœur d'Alene region. They yield about \$20,000 per week.

THE Idahoan mine on Wood River, Idaho, has been sold to Count de Berrance on behalf of an English syndicate, for \$400,000.

THE fare for the round trip from St. Paul to New Orleans and return, from the 1st of December to the 1st of May, has been fixed at \$30.80.

THE Widow claim in the Cœur d'Alene mines continues its splendid yield—ten, fifteen and twenty ounces a day, according to the work performed.

ON October 25 the last spike was driven to connect the Baker City branch of the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company with the Oregon Short Line of the Union Pacific. The place was Huntington, in Southeastern Oregon.

THE Duluth Elevator Company has shipped a car of No. 1 hard wheat to New Orleans. Each side of the car is ornamented with a banner with a picture of the elevators and their capacity of 5,000,000 bushels and appropriate inscriptions.

PORTLAND, Oregon, now ranks fifth among the commercial cities of this country, and among the cities which she outranks is Philadelphia. The commercial decadence of Philadelphia is due to the fact that it oppresses and drives out corporations. — *Philadelphia Call*.

A DAKOTA DIANA. — Mrs. Col. Towner has shot 114 prairie chickens this fall on the Mouse River. She also killed the first deer in that section of the country. She has become quite an expert, and secures as much game as the best shots around there. — *Devils Lake News*.

M. R. CURRY has just husked 1,000 bushels of as fine corn as is raised in any country from twelve acres of ground. It was planted on the sod, and had no attention whatever from the time of planting until it was cut. Who can beat it under similar circumstances? — *Lisbon (Dakota) Star*.

JAMES FETTERLY, of Le Beau, Dakota, has succeeded in making sugar from box-elder. He made ten gallons from fifty trees, boiling his sap over an ordinary cooking stove. He will put in a regular evaporator next spring to make sugar and syrup from his 600 native trees.

THE Spokane Falls *Review* is informed by Major O'Neil that the Indians on the Colville agency, in Washington Territory, number 3,500 and are divided into eight tribes. All seem contented, and many are prosperous farmers. The majority have given up hunting and fishing as a means of subsistence, and raise their own grain and vegetables, while all of them possess more or less stock.

THE new Page mill in Fergus Falls, Minn., J. V. Horning, manager, is now completed and begins December 1 turning out flour at the rate of 600 barrels per day. It is said by a correspondent to be only the beginning of enterprises being planned by able capitalists to make Fergus Falls a milling center on the basis of its well-known, inexhaustible water power.

THE directors of the First National Bank of Billings have accepted the plans for a handsome block to be erected on Montana Avenue and Twenty-seventh Street. The proposed building will be built of stone quarried from the bluffs in the vicinity of town. It will have a frontage of fifty feet on Montana Avenue and 108 feet on Twenty-seventh Street, and it is estimated that it will cost at least \$20,000. — *Billings (Mont.) Herald*.

ALASKA ARCHITECTURE. — A Minneapolis artist who has been doing Alaska during his summer vacation, says that all the members of his party, and there were seventy-five of them, agreed that the Greek church at Sitka is the finest church in America. It is built on the plan of a Greek cross, and the interior is a mass of gold and silver, of the magnificence of which the writer says he can give no idea. Who would have thought of going to Alaska for an architectural masterpiece? — *Chicago Herald*.

Miss Emma Ferlini, of New York city, a young lady possessing property, enterprise and no small share of good looks, has bought an entire section of land near the town of Carrington, Dakota, from the railroad company, and intends to build a house and begin farming next spring. She selected the land herself and made her own bargain for it. The adjoining sections will no doubt soon be occupied by young bachelors intent on raising wheat.

As a proof of the rapidly diminishing number of buffalo in Montana, the following extract from a letter to A. Eberle, of the Arcade, Fargo, from T. C. Power of Fort Benton, Montana, might be quoted: "We have no buffalo robes of any kind on hand, nor do we ever expect to have again, as we believe the buffalo to be a thing of the past in this country. The 'bone-pickers' are now gathering up their bones, which alone remain to remind us of the countless thousands that were here but a short time ago."

AT Wheatland, Cass County, Dakota, excavators lately discovered the remains of a huge animal that was buried nine feet under the ground. Railroad workmen were getting out gravel at the gravel pit near the water tank, and were surprised to find a large bone embedded in the solid clay below the gravel bed. Upon investigation other bones were found. One tusk measured eleven feet in length, and six inches in diameter near the small end, and some of the teeth were at least four feet long. One man was offered twenty-five dollars for a tooth, but he declined to sell it.

AN East Dakota correspondent writes to the *Scientific American* as follows: We are greatly in need of a cheap and speedy press which may be operated by a steam threshing engine to press our straw into small solid blocks, to furnish fuel for this immense wheat-growing but woodless and fuelless country. Such a press, if practical and cheap and durable, would certainly be one of the greatest blessings this country could be favored with. Millions of tons of straw are now burned in the field which might be converted into valuable fuel by the use of such a press.

IF corn can be grown successfully in the Grand Forks country it can anywhere in Dakota. The *Herald* reports this: Dr. M. W. Scott brought in to-day from his farm near Arvilla, at Moore's Crossing, some specimens of Indian corn taken at random from the shock after dark. The seed was brought by himself from Northern New York last winter and is yellow flint corn, eight and twelve rowed. The ears are all above ten inches in length, solid, well filled, grains ripened hard and as fine a lot of corn as we ever saw in the south. It was planted in the latter part of May and early in June, and ripened in ninety days.

DAKOTA has to-day more than half a million people. Its population is double that of Florida, nearly ten times that of Nevada, almost twice that of New Hampshire, three times that of Oregon, double that of Rhode Island, nearly double that of Vermont, more than three times that of Delaware, about equal that of Nebraska, and about twice that of the "Centennial State" of Colorado. Within two years it will have overtaken and surpassed in population the States of Connecticut, Maine and West Virginia. Within five years it will have surpassed several more. It is a shocking outrage to keep this lusty young giant in a condition of "tutelage" any longer. — *Minneapolis Tribune*.

THE attention drawn in our last issue to the subject of a branch railroad from this city to Ainsworth suggested to some of our active, public-spirited citizens the advisability of a conference with Vice President Oakes, then in Portland, upon the subject; but before the matter could be laid before him he had gone to San Francisco. It would no doubt have been far better to have conferred directly with a high official of the road; but this is no reason why there should be any intermission of effort on the part of our citizens to ascertain upon what basis this connection can be made. Let the subject be agitated; let the people assemble; and let the appropriate committees be appointed to find out what can be done, and to do it after it should have been found out. — *Walla Walla (Wash. Ter.) Watchman*.

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It must be borne in mind that Brainerd has thousands and thousands of acres of hard wood near her doors that have never been touched. All the timber yet cut and shipped out, or floated down the river, has been pine. The world is very ignorant of the unlimited and undeveloped resources of this part of Minnesota, and when it has once received the attention it deserves from foreign capitalists, I predict a greater rush of wood-working institutions than ever happened before in any city in any timbering district. I don't see why it should not be so, as the town has every natural advantage in its favor. Don't be afraid to come and see the town, whether you wish to invest or not. I can assure you that a more refined, social and hospitable people is not found on earth than right here. — *Letter in Pittsburgh American Manufacturer*.

"You don't know the chances there are at our end of the Northern Pacific," said a gentleman whom I met this week from Victoria, B. C., "to engage in new lines of trade. The trade in fish opens a field for any amount of capital. Canned sturgeon, something that I have seen nowhere in the West, can be had in the greatest abundance, and the margin for shipment to St. Paul and Chicago is enough to make a fortune for whoever engages in it. Our cod—the black rock, tom, and like varieties—would also make a business for a large amount of capital. Halibut is now being sent eastward, but the trade is not worked up as it could be. The way to do is to invest in boats, nets, etc., and set natives fishing on piece wages, all fish to be inspected and sorted. The Chinook dialect has been printed, you know, by somebody in Boston, and it is easy to hire those fellows to work. A dollar a day is big in their eyes. They are not poor. You couldn't bestow a charity among 10,000 of them. And they do like work, and the pay for it. There is a peculiar business to be opened in the handling of China goods, especially in tableware. The prices of such goods there and here show a great difference, and if I were not a miner I should be a China goods merchant." — *Casual Listener in St. Paul Pioneer Press*.

WE have on our table the November number of Mr. E. V. Smalley's *NORTHWEST*, and both in its illustrative and letter press work it is as complete a number as has been issued. Mr. Smalley has, through his paper and individual labor, done more toward encouraging and aiding immigration than any other individual advocate of the prospects of the great Northwest, and as an evidence of his managerial ability his paper's constant improvement and increasing circulation is an evidence. — *Seattle (Wash. Ter.) Chronicle*.

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An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 *Pence's Block*, Rochester, N. Y.

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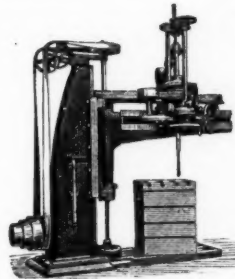
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A Nevada editor says that the silver dug out of the Comstock mine would load a wagon train 547 miles in length. And he concludes by exclaiming, "With this Croesus-like wealth we can defy the world." After reading this, it is somewhat startling to find in another column the statement, that, unless the delinquent subscribers of the paper pay up promptly, the editor won't be able to get out the paper any longer. "For," he adds, "we are almost busted now."

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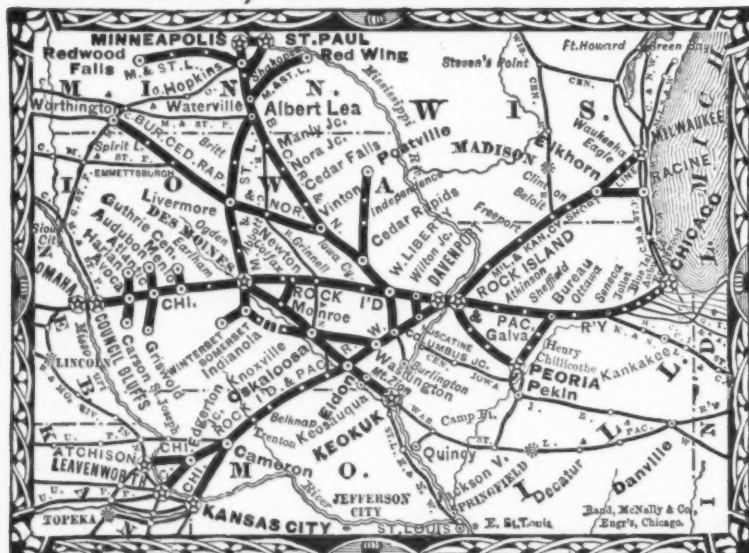
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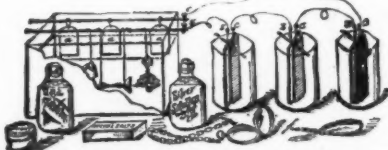
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VOL. III.—No. 1.

ST. PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS, JANUARY, 1885.

PRICE 10 CENTS.

MINNEAPOLIS.

A Year's Growth of the City by the Falls of the Mississippi.

BY HARRY P. ROBINSON.

I.

POPULATION AND PROGRESS.

Hard times seem to agree with Minneapolis. It will take but a very few more bad years such as the last one to make it into a city of 200,000 inhabitants. What its exact population may be to-day it would not only be impossible to say, but also somewhat dangerous to guess; for by placing it at too low a figure a man would exile himself from the good graces of the city forever, while by estimating it as too large he would become an eternal object of hatred to St. Paul. A year ago the writer had the hardihood to venture a conjecture in the columns of THE NORTHWEST that the population of Minneapolis was something over 90,000. He lived through it; but he has abandoned the profession of estimating populations in growing cities for the rest of his natural life. Officially and collectively the people of Minneapolis to-day claim to number 125,000 souls. Individually and in private they are content with from 105,000 to 110,000. The last official count was that of the United States census in 1880, which placed the total at 46,867; and since then all estimates have been but inference and guess work. There are various bases on which official Minneapolis grounds its estimate, two of the most important of which are the registered voting population and the number of school pupils. In the November election the list of registered voters showed over 28,000 names and on election day 20,218 votes were cast. In the public and private schools of the city there are supposed to be something more than 15,000 children between the ages of six and fifteen years. That, however, it is further supposed, does not represent more than about forty per cent of the population of the city between the ages of five and twenty-one, which is accordingly placed at a total of about 29,000. If the writer had not first declared that he had given up the business of estimating population he would like to say that there seem to be pretty sufficient grounds to justify a claim of, well, over 100,000 people. As it is he will only think it, and advise his readers in other towns to compare the figures with the voting and school populations in their own cities and draw their own conclusions.

That the city has grown at a prodigious rate in the last twelve months there can be no question. The mere fact that over 2,500 new buildings have been

erected, at a cost of nearly \$8,000,000, would be enough to prove that; but to one who was here a year ago and has been over the city again within the last few weeks, there is no need of figures and second-hand facts to convince him. He can see it in every street and avenue in Minneapolis, in the stately business blocks that have arisen and the handsome residences. He can hear it in the conversation of the people. He can read it in the newspapers and in things more convincing than print,—in the stores with their costly stocks and in the hurrying crowds upon the streets. He feels, in his every relation of life, that he is in a great and growing city.

In the last few months, of course, Minneapolis has

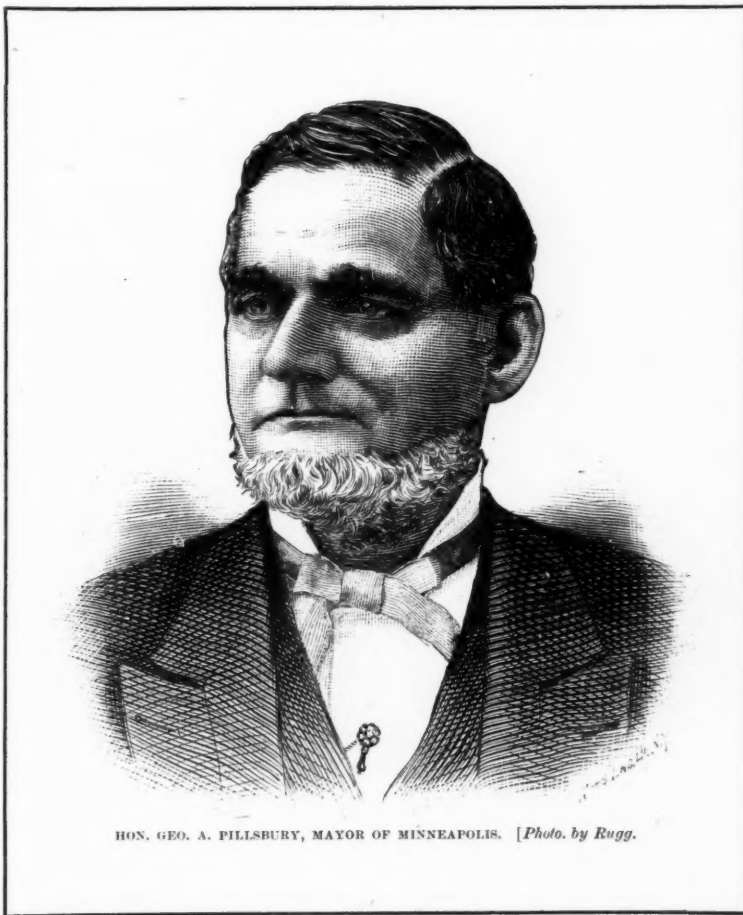
left considerable over \$1,000,000 behind them when they went. Then the Army of the Tennessee met at neighboring Lake Minnetonka. Just before that the Odd Fellows had held their grand encampment here; and before that again the Women's Christian Temperance Union held their annual meeting in this neighborhood. Every such visit as this means not only a transient increase in trade, but advertisement for the city and many permanent residents. Many new industries have arisen in the past year and old ones have swelled to far larger proportions. Real estate property has increased considerably in value and municipal improvement has gone on rapidly and upon a liberal scale. Minneapolis, in fact, has a

great future before it and recognizes the fact. It has a superb town site and is sensibly laid out, with ample spaces set aside for park purposes, so that, however great it may become, it can never be cramped or unsightly, but must always remain, as it is now, a beautiful city, stately to look at and pleasant to live in.

II.

THE MAYOR OF THE CITY.

More than a year ago, the writer said in the columns of THE NORTHWEST, that if any man in Minneapolis was asked to whom the city chiefly owed its prosperity, there would be no hesitation in his answer—"the Pillsburys." Since then the people of Minneapolis have had no cause to change their opinions, while last spring they gave a somewhat emphatic utterance to them by electing one of the members of this remarkable family—the Hon. George Alfred Pillsbury—to the mayoralty of the city by an overwhelming vote. A liking for hard work and a belief in its virtues seem to have been early rooted in the Pillsbury family, for, in England, more than two centuries and a half ago, they bore for their motto the words "*Labor omnia vincit*." But in all the generations of Pillsburys since then who have lived and worked from English Essex to Massachusetts and Minnesota, it may be doubted whether any one of them has bet-



HON. GEO. A. PILLSBURY, MAYOR OF MINNEAPOLIS. [Photo. by Rugg.]

ter deserved to bear the motto than the present mayor of Minneapolis. It was Lord Brougham who was advised by a friend to "confine himself, if possible, to the work of five ordinary men;" but his toil-loving lordship himself might have been envious of the amount of downright hard work which Mr. Pillsbury has got through in his life. Setting his early life aside for the present, the mayor has only been in Minneapolis six years as yet. During that time he has been president of the Minneapolis Board of Trade, of the City Council, of the Homeopathic Hospital and the Minneapolis Free Dispensary; and is still president of the Chamber of Commerce, of the Pillsbury & Hulbert Elevator Company, of the

felt to some extent the dulness of business which has depressed all America. The greatest milling and wheat centre in the world could not help but feel it. But the intense activity of the summer months prevented its weighing nearly so heavily as it did upon the East, and, by all accounts, the depression has been much greater in the further West and on the Pacific than here. In the summer there were two or three incidental booming influences which gave Minneapolis a lift and helped to hoist her over the bad time ahead. Toward the end of July the Grand Army of the Republic held its grand annual encampment in Minneapolis, bringing an influx of visitors estimated at from 60,000 to 80,000, who must have

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